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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD
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The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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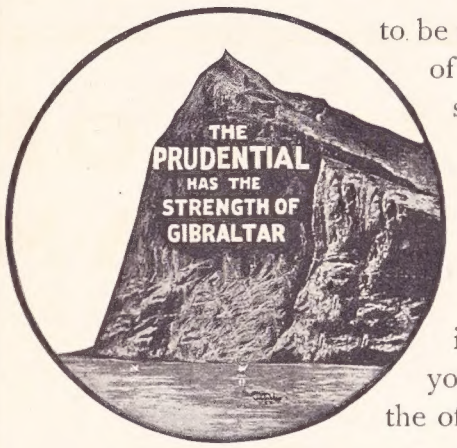

to be secured at the end of a term of years upon the payment of small instalments, and with the guarantee that the whole sum should go to your heirs in case of your death before that time, when your payments would immediately stop! Would you not take advantage of the offer?

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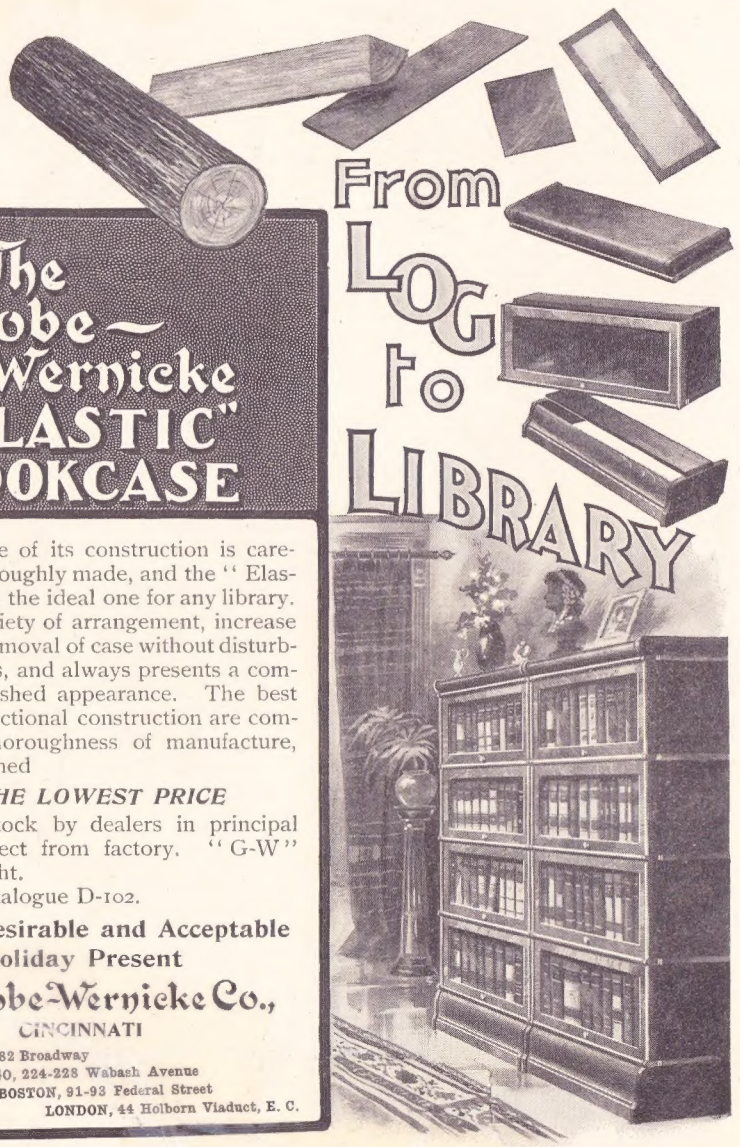
BROWN: I had just the same experience until I read one of the Ivory Soap advertisements about too much alkali in some soaps. The alkali draws the natural oil from the skin and leaves it dry and liable to crack, so I sent out and bought a cake of Ivory Soap, and found it all the advertisement promised; my hands are soft and smooth the year round.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all imitations, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.



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—A PROMISING APOLLO

THE TEMPTATION OF MISS RAMSBOTHAM

The Love Story of An Unmarriageable Woman

By Jerome K. Jerome

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TO REGARD Miss Ramsbotham as a marriageable quantity would have occurred to few men. Endowed by Nature with every feminine quality calculated to inspire liking, she had, on the other hand, been disinherited of every attribute calculated to excite passion. An ugly woman has for some men an attraction; the proof is ever present to our eyes. Miss Ramsbotham was plain but pleasant looking. Being healthy in mind and body, capable, self-reliant and cheerful, blessed with a happy disposition together with a keen sense of humor, there was about her absolutely nothing for tenderness to lay hold of. An ideal wife, she was an impossible sweetheart. Every man was her friend. The suggestion that any man could be her lover she herself would have greeted with a clear, ringing laugh.

Not that she held love in despite; for such folly she was possessed o far too much sound sense. "To have somebody in love with you—somebody strong and good," so she would confess to her few close intimates, a dreamy expression clouding for an instant her broad, sunny face, "why, it must be just lovely!" For Miss Ramsbotham was prone to American phraseology, and had even been at some pains, during a six months' journey through the States (whither she had been commissioned by a conscientious trade journal seeking reliable information concerning the condition of female textile workers), to acquire a slight but decided American accent. It was her one affectation, but assumed, as one might feel certain, for a practical and legitimate object.

"You can have no conception," she would explain, laughing, "what a help I find it. 'I'm American' is the '*Civis Romanus sum*' of the modern woman's world. It opens every door to us.

"And to be in love with some one," she would continue, "some one great that one could look up to and honor and worship—some one that would fill one's whole life, make it beautiful, make every day worth living—I think that would be better still. To work merely for one's self, to think merely for one's self, it is so less interesting."

Miss Ramsbotham was sorry that no man had ever fallen in love with her, but that she could understand.

"It is quite clear to me," so she had once unburdened herself to her bosom friend. "Man for the purposes of the race has been given two kinds of love, between which, according to his opportunities and temperament, he is free to choose: he can fall down upon his knees and adore physical beauty (for Nature ignores entirely our mental side), or he can take delight in circling with his protecting arm the weak and helpless. Now, I make no appeal to either instinct. I possess neither the charm nor beauty to attract——"

"Beauty," reminded her the bosom friend consolingly, "dwells in the beholder's eye."

"My dear," cheerfully replied Miss Ramsbotham, "it would have to be an eye of the range and capability Sam Weller frankly owned up to not possessing—a patent double-million magnifying, capable of seeing through a deal board and round a corner sort of eye—to detect any beauty in me. And I am much too big and sensible for any man, not a fool, ever to think of wanting to take care of me.

"I believe," continued Miss Ramsbotham, "if it does not sound like idle boasting, I might have had a husband, of a kind, if Fate had not compelled me to save his life. I met him one year at Huyst, a small, quiet watering-place on the Dutch coast. He would walk always half a step behind me, regarding me out of the corner of his eye quite approvingly at times. He was a widower—a good little man, devoted to his three charming children. They took an immense fancy to me, and I really think I could have got on with him. I am very adaptable, as you know. But it was not to be. He got out of his depth one morning, and unfortunately there was no one within distance but myself who could swim. I knew what the result would be. You remember Labiche's comedy, Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon? Of course, every man hates having had his life saved, after it is over; and you can imagine how he must hate having it saved by a woman. But what was I to do? In either case he would be lost to me, whether I let him drown or whether I rescued him. So, as it really made no difference, I rescued him. He was very grateful, and left the next morning.

—PLAIN BUT PLEASANT LOOKING

"It is my destiny. No man has ever fallen in love with me, and no man ever will. I used to worry myself about it when I was younger. As a child I hugged to my bosom for years an observation I had overheard an aunt of mine whisper to my mother one afternoon as they sat knitting and talking, not thinking I was listening. 'You never can tell,' murmured my aunt, keeping her eyes carefully fixed upon her needles; 'children change so. I have known the plainest girls grow up into quite beautiful women. I should not worry about it if I were you—not yet a while.' My mother was not at all a bad-looking woman, and my father was decidedly handsome; so there seemed no reason why I should not hope. I pictured myself the ugly duckling of Andersen's fairy tale, and every morning on waking I would run straight to my glass and try to persuade myself that the feathers of the swan were beginning at last to show themselves."

Miss Ramsbotham laughed, a genuine laugh of amusement, for of self-pity not a trace was now remaining to her.

"I make a very fair income," she would say; "have a host of friends, and enjoy every hour of my life. I should like to be pretty or handsome, of course; but no one can have all the good things of this world, and I have my brains. At one time, perhaps, yes; but now, no; honestly, I would not change myself.

DRAWN BY BAYARD JONES

AS STUPID AS A CAMEL, AS SELFISH AS A PIG"

THE CIRCUMSTANCE WAS CERTAINLY UNFORTUNATE FOR POOR PEGGY

"Later," continued Miss Ramsbotham her confession, "I plucked hope again from the reading of a certain school fiction more popular twenty years ago than now. In these romances the heroine was never what you would call beautiful, unless, in common with the hero, you happened to possess exceptional powers of observation. But she was better than that—she was good. I do not regard as time wasted the hours I spent studying this quaint literature. It helped me, I am sure, to form habits that have since been of service to me. I made a point, when any young man visitor happened to be staying with us, of rising exceptionally early in the morning, so that I always appeared at the breakfast-table fresh, cheerful and carefully dressed, with, when possible, a dew-besprinkled flower in my hair to prove that I had already been out in the garden. The effort, as far as the young man visitor was concerned, was always thrown away; as a general rule, he came down late himself, and generally too drowsy to notice anything much. But it was excellent practice for me. I wake now at seven o'clock as a matter of course, whatever time I go to bed. I made my own dresses and most of our cakes, and took care to let everybody know it. Though I say it who should not, I play and sing rather well. I certainly was never a fool. I had no little brothers and sisters to whom to be exceptionally devoted, but I had my cousins about the house as much as possible, and, if anything, damaged their characters by overindulgence. My dear, it never caught even a curate! I am not one of those women to run down men; I think them delightful creatures, and in a general way I find them very intelligent. But where their hearts are concerned it is the girl with the frizzy hair, who wants two people to help her over the stile, that is their idea of an angel. No man could fall in love with me; he couldn't if he tried. That I can understand; but"—Miss Ramsbotham sunk her voice to a more confidential tone—"what I cannot understand is that I have never fallen in love with any man, because I like them all."

"You have given the explanation yourself," suggested her bosom friend. "You are too sensible."

Miss Ramsbotham shook her head. "I should just love to fall in love. When I think about it I feel quite ashamed of myself for not having done so."

Whether it was this idea that it was her duty, or whether it came to her unsought somewhat late in life and therefore all the stronger, she herself would perhaps have been unable to declare. Certain only it is that at over thirty years of age this clever, sensible, clear-seeing woman fell to sighing and blushing, starting and stammering, at the sounding of a name, as though for all the world she had been a love-sick girl in her teens.

One conjured up, of course, on hearing the news of the engagement, some strong, noble-minded, middle-aged man of character and attainments. On being introduced to the article one's impulse was to exclaim: "Great Scott! Whatever in the name of——" Then, on catching sight, fortunately, of Miss Ramsbotham's transfigured face and trembling hands, one collected one's self together in time to murmur: "Delighted, I'm sure!" and to offer mechanical congratulations. Reginald Peters was a pretty but remarkably foolish-looking lad of about two-and-twenty, with curly hair and receding chin; but to Miss Ramsbotham evidently a promising Apollo. Her first meeting with him had taken place at one of the many political debating societies then in fashion, attendance at which Miss Ramsbotham found useful for purposes of journalistic "copy." Miss Ramsbotham, hitherto a Radical of pronounced views, he had succeeded under three months in converting into a strong supporter of the Gentlemanly Party. His feeble political platitudes, which a little while before she would have seized upon merrily to ridicule, she now sat drinking in, her plain face suffused with ecstatic admiration. Away from him and in connection with those subjects—somewhat numerous—about which he knew little and cared less she retained her sense and humor; but in his presence she remained comparatively speechless, gazing up into his somewhat watery eyes with the grateful expression of one learning wisdom from a master. Her exaggerated admiration—irritating beyond measure to her friends, and which even to her lover, had he possessed a grain of sense, would have appeared ridiculous—to Master Peters was evidently a gratification. Of selfish, exacting nature, he must have found the services of this brilliant woman of the world of much practical advantage. Knowing all the most interesting people in London, it was her pride and pleasure to introduce him everywhere. Her friends put up with him for her sake; to please her made him welcome, did their best to like him, and disguised their failure. The free entry to all places of amusement saved his limited purse. Her influence, he had instinct enough to perceive, could not fail to be of use to him in his profession, that of a barrister. She praised him to prominent solicitors, took him to tea with judges' wives, interested examiners on his behalf. In return he overlooked her many disadvantages, and did not fail to let her know it. Miss Ramsbotham's gratitude was boundless.

"I do so wish I were younger and better looking," she sighed to the bosom friend. "For myself, I don't mind; I have got used to it. But it is so hard on Reggie. He feels it, I know he does, though he never openly complains."

"He would be a cad if he did," answered the bosom friend, who was not partial to Mr. Peters; "and it wouldn't be of much use. You never told him you were young and pretty, did you?"

"I told him the actual truth, dear. I don't want to take any credit for doing so; it seemed the best course. You see, unfortunately I look my age. With most men it would have made a difference. You have no idea how good he is. He assured me he had engaged himself to me with his eyes open, and that there was no need to dwell upon unpleasant topics. It is so wonderful to me that he should care for me—he, who could have half the women in London at his feet."

"Are you quite sure that he does?" asked the bosom friend.

"My dear," returned Miss Ramsbotham, "you remember Rochefoucauld's definition, 'One loves, the other consents to be loved.' If he will only let me do that I shall be content. It is more than I had any right to expect."

"Oh, you are a fool!" told her bluntly the bosom friend.

"I know I am," admitted Miss Ramsbotham; "but I had no idea being a fool was so delightful."

We were indignant, all of us, with Mr. Peters for his attitude toward this charming friend of ours. All the little offices of love he left to her. It was she who helped him on with his coat, and afterward adjusted her own cloak; she who carried the parcel, she who followed into and out of the restaurant. Only when any of us were watching would he make any attempt to behave to her with even the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman. He bullied her, contradicted her in public, ignored her openly. We fumed with impotent rage, yet were bound to confess that so far as Miss Ramsbotham herself was concerned he had done more to make her happy than the whole of us put together. A tender light took up its dwelling in her eyes, which for the first time we noticed were singularly deep and expressive. The blood, of which she possessed if anything too much, now came and went, so that her cheeks, in place of their insistent red, took on a varied pink and white.

The woman began to grow younger. She put on flesh. Sex, hitherto dormant, began to show itself; femininities peeped out. New tones, suggesting possibilities, crept into her voice. We congratulated ourselves that the affair, after all, might turn out well.

Then Master Peters spoiled everything by showing a better side to his nature, and, careless of all worldly considerations, falling in love himself honestly with a girl at the bun shop. He did the best thing under the circumstances that he could have done: told Miss Ramsbotham the plain truth, and left the decision in her hands.

Miss Ramsbotham acted as any one who knew her would have foretold. Possibly, in the silence of her delightful little four-roomed flat, her sober, worthy maid dismissed for a holiday, she may have shed some tears; but, if so, no trace of them was allowed to mar the peace of mind of Mr. Peters. She merely thanked him for being frank with her, and by a little present pain saving them both a future of disaster. It was quite understandable; she knew he had never really been in love with her. She had thought him the type of man that never does fall in love, as the word is generally understood—Miss Ramsbotham did not add, with any one except himself—and had that been the case, and he content merely to be loved, they might have been happy together. As it was—well, it was fortunate he had found out the truth before it was too late. Now, would he take her advice?

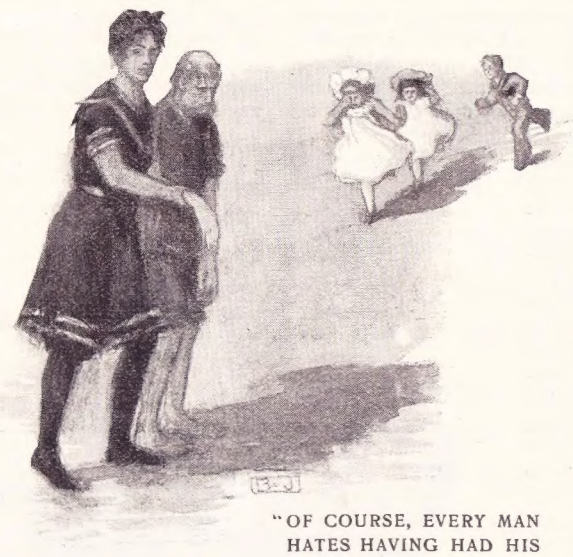
Mr. Peters was honestly grateful, as well he might be, and would consent to any suggestion that Miss Ramsbotham might make; felt he had behaved shabbily, was very much ashamed of himself, would be guided by Miss Ramsbotham, whom he should always regard as the truest of friends, in all things.

Miss Ramsbotham's suggestion was this: Mr. Peters, no more robust of body than of mind, had been speaking for some time past of travel. Having nothing to do now but to wait for briefs, why not take this opportunity of visiting his only well-to-do relative, a Canadian farmer. Meanwhile, let Miss Peggy leave the bun shop and take up her residence in Miss Ramsbotham's flat. Let there be no engagement—merely an understanding. The girl was pretty, charming, good, Miss Ramsbotham felt sure; but—well, a little education, a little training in manners and behavior, would not be amiss, would it? If, on returning at the end of six months or a year, Mr. Peters was still of the same mind, and Peggy also wishful, the affair would be easier, would it not?

There followed further expressions of eternal gratitude.

Miss Ramsbotham swept all such aside. It would be pleasant to have a bright young girl to live with her; teaching, moulding such an one would be a pleasant occupation.

And thus it came to pass that Mr. Reginald Peters disappeared for a while, to the regret of none of us, from our small world, and there entered into it one Peggy Nutcombe, as pretty a child as ever gladdened the eye of man. She had wavy, flaxen hair, a complexion that might have been manufactured from the essence of wild roses, the nose that Tennyson bestows upon his miller's daughter, and a mouth worthy of the Lowther Arcade in its days of glory. Add to this the quick grace of a kitten, with the appealing helplessness of a baby in its first short frock, and you will be able to forgive Mr. Reginald Peters his faithlessness. We looked from one to the other—from the fairy to the woman—and ceased to blame. That the fairy was as stupid as a camel, as selfish as a pig, and as lazy as a nigger we did not know; nor had we, so long as her figure and complexion remained what it was, would our judgment have been influenced. I speak of the males among us.

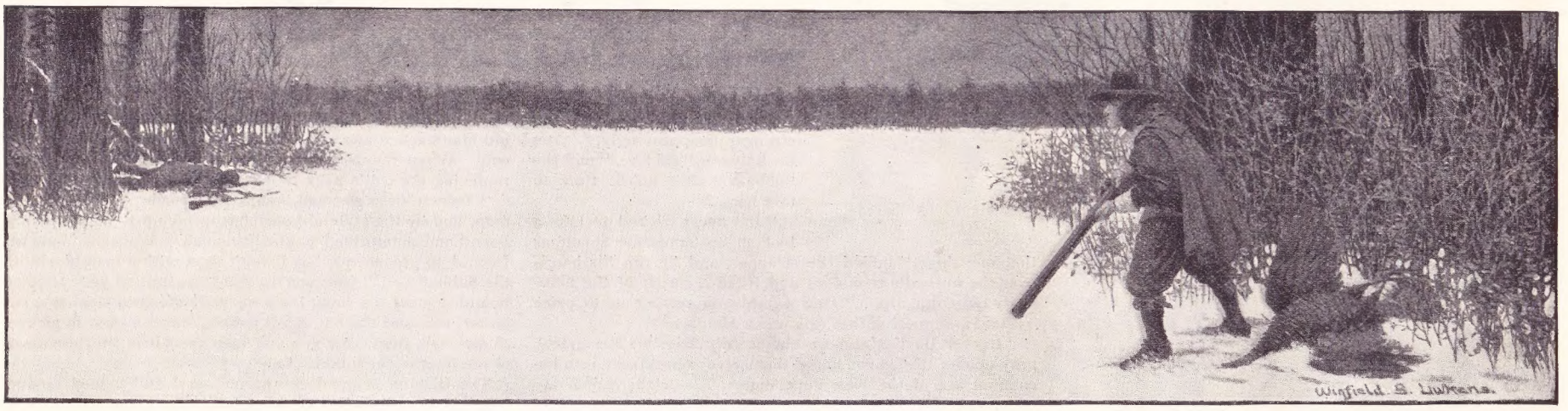


"OF COURSE, EVERY MAN HATES HAVING HAD HIS LIFE SAVED . . . . BY A WOMAN"

But that is just what her figure and complexion did not do. Mr. Reginald Peters, finding his uncle old, feeble and inclined to be fond, deemed it to his advantage to stay longer than he had intended. Twelve months went by. Miss Peggy was losing her kittenish grace, was becoming lumpy. A couple of pimples—one near the right-hand corner of her rosebud mouth, and another on the left-hand side of her tiptilted nose—marred her baby face. At the end of another six months the men called her plump, and the women fat. Her walk was degenerating into a waddle; stairs caused her to grunt. She took to breathing with her mouth, and we noticed that her teeth were small, badly colored and uneven. The pimples grew in size and number. The cream and white of her complexion was merging into a general yellow. A certain greasiness of skin was manifesting itself. Babyish ways in connection with a woman who must have weighed about eleven stone struck one as incongruous. Her manners, judged alone, had improved.

(Continued on Page 19)

TOLD ACROSS THE TABLE



Elder Stover's Thanksgiving Donation

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

BEING busy on this particular Saturday morning I attempted a flank movement on Mr. Milo Bush by suggesting that a man at the other end of town was raffling off a fine flock of turkeys against the approaching Thanksgiving Day, but the ruse failed. Mr. Bush expressed a virtuous abhorrence of all lotteries and then said:

"I see by your paper that they're going to hold a donation for Elder Snow. Good igee. The Elder's a fine man. Not all as a preacher that Elder Stover was, but he does the best he knows how. Mebby I never told you of Elder Stover. I'll start in, and if I have, you just stop me, and I'll tell you 'bout Al Doty's setting some hens' eggs under a parrot, and when the chickens that hatched growed up they didn't know how to cackle, but used to hop off the nest and yell, 'Polly's laid an egg! Polly's laid an egg!' And the language of the roosters when they got to fighting was—but I reckon I never told you 'bout the Elder."

I assured him that he never had, not feeling desirous to hear of the ornithological experiences of his ingenious friend.

Well, this here Elder Stover [he began forthwith] was the best preacher that Signal Butte ever had. Powerful exhorter, and a good man. The meekest and longest-sufferingest man that ever was, even if he did treat us rather rough at the last, as I'll explain. Why, if you smote him on one cheek, as the Good Book tells us to do, he'd turn the other quick as scat. And as for his salary, why, he never said a word about it, though it would 'a' stood volumes. No preacher's salary was ever back so fur before. We got rather proud of the condition of that salary. Other towns might brag about their new court-houses, or their half-mile race-tracks, but we could always p'int to our preacher's salary, the last payment on it lost in the mists of antickerty, as Jap Bingerford used to say, and challenge the world to produce its equal. Jap said there wa'n't never but one payment ever made on that salary, and that was on the day the Elder come, and that Deacon Peters borrowed that back and used it to get tar-paper for his chicken-coop; but Jap used to imagine some things. Borrowed a pair of boots from me once and imagined he brought 'em back; and then when I borrowed a shotgun from him imagined I kept it, though in p'int of fact I sold it for two dollars more'n the boots cost.

Well, the Elder's salary wasn't ever no real thing that he could hoard up, and that might 'a' been a danger to him, and took his attention from his work, but it must 'a' been a great satisfaction to him, after all, 'specially toward the last. We trustees of the church never hesitated to increase that salary. If we seen the Elder going 'round town with his clothes a little shabby, or heard him getting trusted for bacon or potaters, we'd call a meeting that same evening and vote him a raise of twenty per cent. 'Fore we got through his salary was the biggest of any preacher west of Chicago. And all this time the good man was a-living on the collections and what folks fetched in. This wouldn't 'a' been so bad if folks had fetched much, which they didn't, except things they couldn't eat themselves; and the collections were mostly suspender buttons and poker chips; which was just the worst they could be, him being dead sot against poker, and not being able on that unpaid salary to buy suspenders to go with the buttons.

Of course there was one other source of income which the Elder had, and that was donation parties. "I should think a man like him would prefer 'em to salary," Abner Blackmark used to say, "and I reckon he does. Salary is a cold, sordid thing. Salary savors too much of business. But this here glad, cordieral, heart-to-heart gathering of friends, each bringing his little offering, ought to be very cheering to the good man." We used to drop in on him any time we took a notion, carrying along pound-cake, and mince-pie, and head-cheese, and apple-butter and other delicacies. He would always ask us to stay to supper, and generally we et up all we took and any little stock of provisions he happened to have on hand; and sometimes he'd have to send down to the store and get a few extras before we were all comfortably filled. Usually somebody would see that something was sent in for the fambly to eat the next day; so they got along.

Well, as I was saying, along in November we decided to give the Elder a big donation for Thanksgiving. We'd h'isted his salary again the first of the month, but we thought we ought to do something kind and neighborly, too. This was the time the Elder didn't meet us quite half way, as I've hinted at. It was the thin edge of the wedge which finally forced us to dispense with his ministrations and get another shepherd, by which I mean Elder Blodgett. Good man, Elder Blodgett was, too, but not what Elder Stover was before he got on his high horse and acted as he did at that donation. Elder Blodgett got along better without a salary, though, 'cause he combined invention with preaching. Seen the crowds of men getting rich on all sorts of patent foods, for breakfast and other meals, and made a try at it himself as a sort of a side issher. Had a good igee, too, and struck an original line where there wasn't much competition. Got up what he called the celebrated Blodgettonian Lura-Snara, the hygienic food for baiting mouse-traps. Nothing much came of it, however, 'cause he got switched off on a patent clamp to hold a roast chicken still when you carve it.

Well, we all got together, each with his package, and we headed for the Elder's. It was one of them there bootiful nights, with a large, round moon. We paused at the head of the street and looked at it, and says Abner Blackmark: "Can there be anything more bootiful than the full moon in the eastern heavings? She reminds me of a harvest moon, symbol of plenty." "So it is," says somebody; "this is harvest night for the Elder." "Troo," says Abner. Then he looks around at the packages and says he: "Have we got enough along for a square meal with what the Elder may have on hand? I remember last time it was slim picking." "The Elder's young ones got at the table while we was holding the presentation exercises in the parlor," says Jap Bingerford. "Troo," says Abner; "we must guard against them rapacious critters this time. We will have one of our number watch the table dooring the exercises. I shall make a few fitting remarks. I shall say to the Elder: 'Elder,' I'll say, 'a little passel of us neighbors of your'n has dropped in with some small offerings which we hope you'll accept in the sperret in which they are brung. These here offerings come from the heart, Elder. How troo is what the poet——'" "Oh, keep still till we get there," says Jap, and Abner took the hint.

We walked on'ard and soon we was at the Elder's gate. We was surprised to find the house dark. But the door was not locked and we walked in. The house seemed empty. "Alars, the Elder was not expecting us," says Abner; "we should——" "Alars," says Jap Bingerford, "mebby he *was* expecting us." "Impossible," returns Abner. "If he had known he would have waited for us. At past donations the Elder has always seemed touched, deeply, and——" "He has been," puts in Jap; "he has been. Troo, troo. He has been touched, deeply, at past donations. Hence we now find him non est." "Mr. Bingerford," says Abner, very stiff, "the applying of any more such terms to our pastor will be took by me as personal. Let us strike lights and search the house." We done so, but found nobody. "He is doubtless absent on some errand of mercy," says Abner; "but it need not prevent our going on with the festivities. We then passed a pleasant half-hour with music, ending when, dooring a fine rendition of The Maiden's Prayer, the bellers busted with a loud report. We then indulged in Hunt the Slipper and other games of a literary character, after which we went to the dining-room and ate what we had brung. We seemed to have miscalculated, and when we had finished we was still hungry. Abner went into the pantry. "Their larder is empty," says he when he returned; "we seem to have come with our donations at a good time. Alars, that he is not here to see that he has friends." "If he'd left some grub behind," says Jap, "he could of seen it just as well when he got back and found it gone."

Just then Zeb Woodbeck come in from the kitchen, and says he: "I just found that the cellar door is locked. What do you think that means?" "It may mean that there is grub down there," says Jap; "troo friends should not stop at locked doors to show their friendship." Abner looked at Jap and scowled, but said nothing; then after a minute he takes up the lamp and leads the way, and we follers. A good pull fetched open the door, and we filed down and into the cellar. We seen nothing but an empty pork barrel in one corner. Abner goes to it and raises the lamp high and gazes over behind it. There sot Elder Stover and his wife and four children around a small box containing the family provisions. "Ah, Elder," says Abner, "a little passel of us neighbors of your'n has dropped in——" Here up rises the Elder and gives one yell, and swings a piller-case stuffed with something which busts as it strikes Abner on the head, filling the air with bloo chips and suspender buttons. We retreated to the upper floor. "Unnatteral shepherd," says Jap Bingerford, "not to be touched when we come for the purpose."

Which, as I remarked previous, this was the entering wedge which caused the rip in the lute that evenchooly made Elder Stover go out from our midst.

THANKFUL JIMMIE

By JOE LINCOLN

PA'S a-pickin' chickens over yonder in the shed,
Aunty's makin' cranb'ry sauce and Sarah's makin' bread;
Grandma's makin' puddin' that is bustin' full of plums,
Ma's a-fixin' stuffin' and a-rollin' out the crumbs;
Hannah's washin' cel'ry and Maria's whippin' cream,
Bridget's peelin' taters like you'd think she went by steam;
Spicy smell of cookin', 'nough to make a feller faint—
Grandpa's got dyspepsy—my! I'm glad *I* ain't!

Turkey dressed and ready, only waitin' for a bake,
Closet shelves a-saggin', loaded down with frosted cake;
Cider in the cellar and the pantry full of pie,
Fruit and nuts and raisins, more'n you'd think there was to buy;
Heaps and heaps of goodies, every sort of bully treat,
Nobody to stop you if you eat and eat and eat;
Rule for second helpin's doesn't count to-day, you see—
Grandpa's got dyspepsy—land! I'm glad 'tain't *me!*

Company a-comin' from most everywhere's around,
Think there was a hundred in the parlor by the sound:
Won't the tongues be goin' when the old folks sit and talk!
Won't we fellers holler, runnin' races down the walk!
Won't we all be hungry when we're waitin' to begin!
Won't there be a racket when they bring the turkey in!
Grandpa won't eat nothin' but some mush and bread and tea,
'Cause he's got dyspepsy—say, I'm glad 'tain't *me!*

Grandma says the Pilgrims felt so sort of glad and gay
'Cause the wolves and Injuns hadn't eat 'em all, that they
Made the first Thanksgivin', and she says we all are bound
To be truly thankful when the blessed day comes around;
And you bet I'm thankful when I see poor Grandpa there
Eatin' bread and porridge, with the goodies everywhere.
Sick on old Thanksgivin'! that's enough to try a saint—
Grandpa's got dyspepsy—whew! I'm glad *I* ain't!

"BITES WHEN SHE EATS"

New England

By HOLMAN F. DAY

Scene: A Maine court-room.

Business: A "hoss case."

Plaintiff alleges that the defendant, "Uncle Jim" Withee, of Rumford Falls, is a professional "hoss-jockey" and has unconscionably cheated him.

Uncle Jim on the stand.

Attorney for plaintiff: "Mr. Withee, I understand, do I not, that you make a business of buying and selling horses? In other words, you are a 'hoss-jockey,' so-called, are you not?"

Withee: "Narsah, not by a long shot! I hain't no hoss-jockey."

Attorney, sarcastically: "Oho! And what is your business, may I ask, Mr. Withee?"

"I am a farmer, sah."

Lawyer grimaces ironically at the jury and turns again to the witness: "Look here, Mr. Withee, how many different horses have you owned during the past year?"

"Couldn't say, sah."

"More than twenty-five, haven't you?"

"Mabbe," listlessly.

"Yes, more than fifty, haven't you?"

"The news wouldn't surprise me a mite if some one should break it to me, sah."

"Seventy-five, eh?" with insinuating softness of tone.

"Hain't contradictin' ye, squire."

"Now Mister Farmer-and-so-forth Withee," and the lawyer arose and bellowed his challenge, "do you dare to deny that during the past year you have bought and traded off more than one hundred horses?"

"Mabbe so," mildly.

"And now, Mr. Withee, if you are not a horse-jockey will you explain to me and the jury how it happened that so many horses passed through your hands?"

Uncle Jim shifted his ponderous weight to the other leg and projected his bland, broad face confidentially over the rail of the witness-box. "Ye see, squire," he announced guilelessly, "I was jest simply tryin' to git a hoss that would suit me, sah."

Not all the David Harums in New England put the disclaimer of professional horse-trading so ingeniously. But even the men who make their living by "shifting" resent the imputation that they are "jockeys," the New England word for traders.

They all prefer to be known as willing to "let a hoss go" when the right price is offered. But many times it requires a man fully posted in New England character to determine just when an owner is willing to let go.

A New York buyer was up through the Maine green-grass section a few months ago in the interests of a well-known Philadelphia stable. The New York man was in a hurry. He struck Blankville late Saturday night and had an appointment the first thing Monday in a distant town. He was up early Sunday morning.

"Old Deacon Jenks," he was informed, "has the only real up-and-coming trappy colt in town. But ye can't do any bus'ness with him Sunday. Leastways he has allus said that he wouldn't even talk over the fish bus'ness with the 'Postle Peter if he should come round on a Sunday."

"Hitch up a rig and take me out to his place," directed the aggressive New Yorker.

The deacon was just leading the colt into the tie-up from the watering trough when the would-be buyer drove up.

"Any objection to my looking that horse over?" asked the New Yorker, dodging under the fence-rail.

The old man regarded the stranger disapprovingly. "It's the Sabbath," said he, "and the Sabbath hain't no fit time to talk hoss."

"It's never wicked to take a look at as handsome a colt as that one there," taffied the stranger, and he ran his hands over the animal's trim legs and lifted a corner of the nervously twitching lip. "How would you set her as to price—that is, supposing that this was a Monday?"

"I never do bus'ness on the Lord's Day." The grave, gray eyes of the deacon bored themselves rebukingly into the countenance of the New York man. "Isn't there one day when you city folks can rest from your everlasting trade-tradity-trade? Now only last Sunday another man was along here and offered me tew hunderd dollars for that colt. It's ridiculous! Why, she's wuth—I mean to say it's scandalous the way city men disregard the command to keep the Sabbath holy. Tew hunderd dollars never can buy that colt. She's done her quarters in thirt—she can show—tut, tut! I mean to say that I'll show the door to any one that mentions hoss-trade to me on a Sunday. I don't mean to give offense to you, mister, for I can see that you're interested in that colt, and it's only nat'ral for any one that sees her to be interested. You can see the old Wilkes blood stick right out of her. Clek, clek! Look at that knee action—and as smooth as a smelt ev'ry way. Why, she—now lookahere, mister, it hain't right nor manly nor decent for ye to keep talkin' hoss to me Sunday. (The New Yorker wasn't saying a word.) It's gen'rally understood round here what sort of a man I am in regard to keepin' Sunday and I'm s'rprised some one didn't tell ye to keep away. I'd kick the man off'n my primises that offered less than tew hunderd and fifty—I mean to say I'd jest set my dog on ye if I thought ye was here with a notion that ye could talk hoss with me on a Sunday. A feller tried to corner me on the road one Sabbath and talk trade, and he had a good hoss, too. But I drove right away, and he licked up to foller me. I didn't want it to look as though I was racin' hosses, but I jest had to leave him, and I did it, too, jest as though he had been hitched to a granite post. That's the kind of a roader that colt is. But jest shet your talk right off for to-day. I won't——"

—DOWN ON HIS KNEES, TUGGING AT THE REFRACTORY TAIL

The New Yorker had been pulling out his wallet. He moistened thumb and forefinger and began peeling off bills. The deacon was watching and talking continuously. The New Yorker paused at two hundred and twenty-five dollars and started toward the deacon, who danced backward, flapping his hands deprecatingly. "Scat on ye, ye scandalous man of sin," he yelled. "Ye can't git the comeuppance over me that fashion. Hain't I told ye and told ye——"

Then the buyer impressively added a ten-dollar bill and put his wallet back in his pocket very decidedly. He made up to the deacon who did not flap so strenuously. But the old man backed away and dodged into the stable, leading his colt. When the New Yorker went in he found the owner replacing the colt's neck rope with a new headstall halter.

"Ye're a desp'rit man," said the deacon, "and a violent man, and by the style of your chasin' me up I can see ye are bound and determined to steal this colt. Wal, I've done all I could to prevent ye, but I won't fight with a man of sin on the Sabbath. I'll jest own up that I'm afraid of ye. If ye're bound to steal the hoss I s'pose ye'll stoop to steal a good halter, too, and there it is, all put on, 'cause I want to git red of ye. Oh, dear, how vile city men are gittin' in these days of the later wickedness!"

The deacon dropped the halter's end and turned around joggling his hands behind his back. He gazed up into the dusty recesses of the barn. "Them cobwebs hes got to be swept down first of the week," he soliloquized. "I'll prob'ly have more time to tend to 'em then 'cause there'll be one less hoss-kind to look after."

The buyer gently jammed the wad of bills into the old man's waggling palm. Then he towed the colt away and the deacon leaned over the barnyard fence volubly expressing his deep disgust at a man who would come around to trade horses on Sunday.

A buyer can rarely get a New England farmer to admit that any of his horse-kind have had even ordinary feed. Of a great strapping colt that shows oats in every curve of his muscles, and constant grooming in all the sheen of his coat, the rural owner will remark carelessly, "Wal, yas, he does look kind o' fairish, consid'rin' he hain't had nothin' but skim milk and swale grass. There's the makin's of a hoss right there, give him a slick with a swipe rag and shake a bushel of oats at him."

But the trades between breeders and the city purchasers with deep pockets do not develop much picturesqueness in New England. The city man has a good eye for value in most cases, decides quickly, wants only the best and is willing to pay for it.

The really typical and interesting New England horse-trade clinches occur between the owners of the "skates" that are always found hitched just outside the gates of camp-meetings or in retired corners of the county fair grounds. There garrulous men noisily patter "dicker talk" until froth gathers in the corners of their mouths. Usually the text of the discourse is some old pelter with lumps on his legs like ping-pong balls and a whistle in his throat like the suction sound of a Westinghouse air-brake. And yet a man with a ragged glove half pulled on his brandishing hand, and with the corner of his mouth elevated by a tip-tilted cigar, will stand beside one of those lamentable equine wrecks and discourse by the hour of the animal's various excellences.

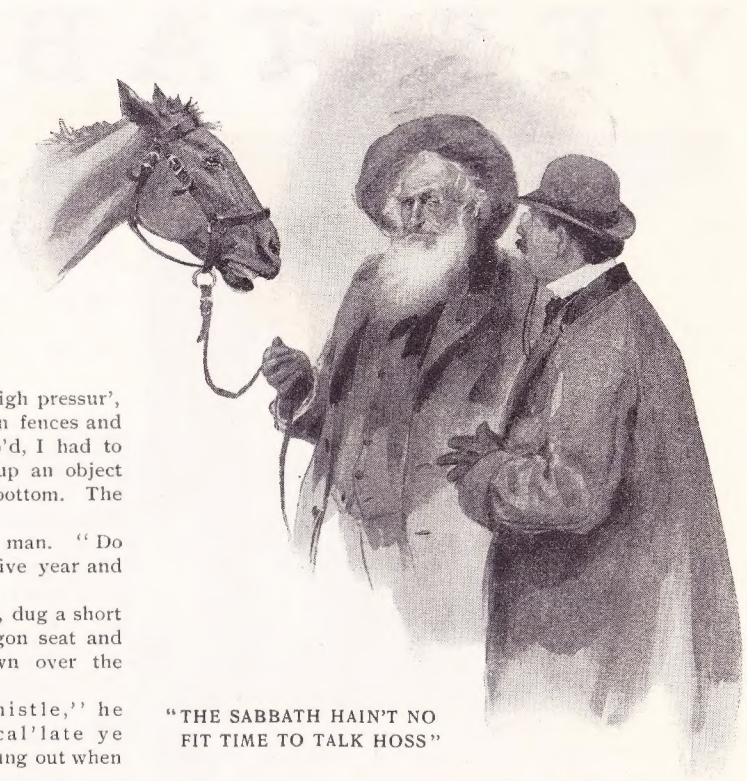
The remarkable feature about these trades is the fact that any exchange can be effected. Each horse seems to be just a bit less desirable than its neighbor. But swapping is always in lively progress. Each man is conscious of some grievous defect in his own horse that may not appear on the surface and he is ready to gamble that the other fellow's horse isn't quite so bad.

There isn't much comfort in Maine law for the man who allows himself to be "stuck in a hoss-trade." Former Chief Justice Peters ruled long ago that a certain amount of "dicker talk," as he called it, or straight-down lying, is permitted in a horse-swapping match because a man is supposed to have eyes as well as ears.

The judge declared that Justice doesn't have time to follow around and protect fools who think they can swap horses and

"Hoss Swappers"

THE DEACON WHO NEVER DID BUSINESS ON SUNDAY, AND OTHER WORTHIES WHO LOVE TO FILE THEIR WITS ON A HARD BARGAIN



"THE SABBATH HAIN'T NO FIT TIME TO TALK HOSS"

come out ahead every time. In half the scrub trades in country communities both parties generally feel that they have been cheated, to the intense amusement of all who stand around and listen. Here is a typical case:

A wiry little man drove up to a country store and hitched his grizzly-white, equine Gothic ruin to a stone post. Another horse was moored to the next post, and a tall, thin man with a little tuft of chin whisker working nervously as he chewed sat on a box on the store platform, eating an apple that he chunked into cubes with a big jackknife.

"Been shiftin', hain't ye?" asked the tall man loudly, for the little man was deaf.

"Yep. Yuther hoss I had was middlin' fair ro'dster and wide-gaited, but I reckin the's a mite more style to this 'ere one. He's more up-headed, anyway."

"Can't say much for the style there, Zeph. Three corners is all right for a kite, but I reckin hoss-flesh needs more. Looks to me as though his off hip had been knocked down."

"Sho! 'Tain't been, either. It's jest the way he stands makes it look like that. He lops and lalligags round more or less when he's standin', like most trot hosses do, but he's up-and-comin' on the ro'd. Got a new one y'rself, hain't ye? Where'd ye pick him up?"

"Oh, bought him over to Etny Grange Fair. Shifted my sorrel into him. Ye don't see a much better put up one, hey?"

The animal was certainly above the ordinary in looks and the wiry little man seemed rather surprised as he gazed at him more closely.

"I swan!" he ejaculated. "Seems 's though ye've got holt o' quite a hoss there. What's his special outs, if 'tain't askin' ye secrets?"

The little man's tone indicated his settled conviction that every horse had something the trouble with him.

"Hain't got no outs as I knows on," replied the other man airily. "Fact is, I tell ye I hev' struck suthin' rich."

The mystification deepened on the wiry man's face. "How much to boot did ye giv'?" he inquired.

"'Shamed to say," the other replied, nipping his lips. "But I've got one satisfaction of knowin' that I've got a hoss that jest suits me from crupper to kicker and from foretop to gambrel."

"YE CAN'T DO ANY BUS'NESS WITH HIM SUNDAY"

The wiry man grew more interested. His eyes began to sparkle. A half-hour's colloquy ensued. At the end of that time the tall man had allowed himself to be teased and coaxed and argued into a "shift" on the consideration of liberal "boot" from the wiry man's old black wallet. The horses were transferred to their respective new rigs. They surveyed each other with a blasé air as though accustomed to sudden changes in ownership. Each man took his seat in his wagon and leaned back with crossed legs. Neither wanted to be the first to make a start and thereby precipitate uncertainties. They understood well enough that both horses had some serious faults or tricks, and each hesitated to make himself the first target for the sarcasm of the group of interested citizens standing about.

At last the tall man gathered up the reins and settled his feet as if to start.

"Wal, Zeph," said he rather plaintively, "I'd like to hang round and gossip, but I've to git home and wrassle chores. Now, honest Injun, what's the pertickler out in this 'ere animil? The bargain is all bound round with a woolen string and ye might's well let on. I reckin he's a breather, hain't he?"

The wiry man grinned as he uncrossed his legs and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "I guess ye'll find him pritty high pressur', Ben," he said. "When he got to blowin' down fences and tipping houses over as he gaited it along the ro'd, I had to drive him with a safety-valve on." He held up an object that he had fished from the clutter in the wagon bottom. The crowd haw-hawed.

"What ye laughin' at?" demanded the tall man. "Do ye s'pose I've been swappin' hosses for twenty-five year and don't carry my own strap iron for breathers?"

He jumped out of the wagon over the wheel, dug a short length of iron barrel-hoop from under his wagon seat and deftly bent the thing so that it fitted down over the horse's nostrils and pinched them.

"There, naow, whistle," he sputtered. "But I cal'late ye won't be throwin' a lung out when ye git to goin'."

He picked up the reins, clekked his tongue against his yellow teeth and drove away. As he went he called back over his shoulder, "I'll tell ye honestly, Zeph, that ye don't want strap iron for that 'ere hoss ye've got between the fills there. Buy a crowbar, and be sure ye have a good stout dashboard to git a purchase on. Wish ye luck!" and he disappeared around a corner, sucking his breath noisily and "fishing" on the reins.

"What did he mean by sayin' to git a crowbar, Zeph?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Can't figger 'xactly," confessed the wiry man, looking his new acquisition over doubtfully. "From what he jest said ye might think he'd shifted a granite quarry on to me."

"Start him and le's see."

Zeph cautiously straightened the reins and with a persuasive "Zli-i-ip!" of his pursed lips lifted the bits. The horse crooked his neck to one side and stared sullenly back at his new owner, but made no start.

"Guess ye can see why he mentioned crowbar, Zeph," was the drawling comment of the storekeeper.

"Beg leave to differ," said Zeph. "That hoss hain't got a balker's eye. It's suthin' else, but I hain't jest decided." He leaned forward and struck the horse violently with the knotted end of the leather reins. That was evidently the opening the animal had been looking for. With a circuitous sweep of his thick tail he hooked the slackened reins closely to his rump and the next instant he was away on the dead jump. Zeph tried frantically to pull the reins loose, but they were clinched as though by a vise. When the outfit disappeared over the hill Zeph was down on his knees, leaning over the dashboard, tugging with both hands at the rigid and refractory tail. But it seemed to be set as solidly as a root of mountain ash growing from the granite of the eternal hills. The brow of the "rise" and a cloud of dust hid the struggle from the view of those assembled on the store platform. One of the men yawned and remarked:

"I reckin Zeph has got holt of a pa'snip there that he won't pull up in a hurry. More I think that hoss over, more I reckin he's the critter they call the 'iron-tail hoss' down Cooper Mills way. He's run away and giv' people more h'ists than any hoss ever owned in them parts. Ye couldn't pry that tail up with a hydraulic jack, much less a crowbar."

"Likely to git hurt, hain't he?" listlessly inquired the storekeeper.

"Sh'd say so 'less he grows wings inside the next five minits. The gre't holt of that hoss when he runs away is to slat folks over the first steep bank that he comes to. Reckin ye'd better send an ambulance down the line to bring Zeph back."

"If ye knew all that," demanded the storekeeper, "why in tunket didn't ye tell Zeph 'fore he started with that wild hyeny?"

The other yawned again and said: "I've allus made it a rule never to mix into fam'ly matters nor hoss-trades. Men don't want advice or information beforehand and afterward it's allus too late."

Every summer many hundred French Canadians drive over the border into the northern New England States and hire with the farmers during haying. They bring sturdy little horses down from the North, and are always guilelessly ready for a trade if a farmer hails them as they clatter past in their dusty buckboards.

"Pritty good hoss ye've got there, Quedaw," suggested one tall Vermonter who was leaning on his fence-rail while a pilgrim Canadian was watering his horse at the wayside trough.

The man from the Chaudière yanked up the head of the fuzzy white horse.

"Aw-w-w, yas, she ban prattee *bon*. Go som' well—'bout ha'f pas' t'ree, I gass so!"

"Git along with ye—that hoss can't show speed enough to git home to a late dinner!"

"Aw-w, morgee, yo' ban leeft dose reins on dat hoss an' say at heem 'Marche daw!' and, ba gar, yo' saw some go!"

"And he's homelier 'n a stump fence," "beared" the Vermonter.

"Wal, she don't look so good as som' hoss, an' she bite when she eat, but she ban good hoss, yarsah."

"Bites when he eats?"

"Yarsah—an' don't look so good as som' hoss."

"I can see how he looks for myself. But about this bitin'—ye don't expect him to gum it, do ye?"

"Narsah—an' yo' tak' dat hoss an' giv' to she 'bout four quart of hay an' wan forkful of oat an' kip heem on de barn for two wik—den tak' she off dat barn an' if he don't trot batween ha'f pas' four den I tak' heem and I geeve yo' to heem. Dat's r-raght."

They traded.

When the hired man came in from the barn next morning and sat down to breakfast with his wet hair slicked around his ears he expressed himself.

"Kind o' pleasin', hain't it, to find a man's word hold good in a hoss-trade?"

"Are you talkin' about the white hoss?" asked the farmer. "S'pose he's all right this mornin', hain't he?"

"You remember the Canuck said the critter didn't look as good as some hosses, don't ye? Wal, he was right. Near's I can find he can't look at a blamed thing out o' one eye and t'other one needs specs. And as for bitin' when he eats—he's gnawed off the side-piece of the manger and gouged a hole through the bottom of it and a hole through each side of the stall, and was jest commencin' on the floor planks when I got out there this mornin'. Cribber? Why, that hoss is a reg'lar bandsaw on four legs. I'd advise ye to put him to work on the wood-pile."

The Vermonter says he thinks that hereafter he shall employ competent interpreters when he carries on an international horse-swap.

VERITABLE QUIDORS

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Some Americans Abroad, Etc.

THE UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A RARE PROVIDENCE PERMITTED THE

THAT CAME TO EZRA MATHEWS— HAPPENING WHEREIN FOR ONCE ARTIST TO PLAY THE PATRON

DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

HE HAD TO EKE OUT HIS LIVING

I WAS a stranger in that part of the country and yet I had managed to have extra good luck at both shooting and fishing, and that without a guide. I had shipped my spoils to Boston and was walking to Panscot in order to see what was said to be one of the best examples of ecclesiastical architecture of the Colonial type to be found in New England.

Thanksgiving Day was but a few days distant and the air was redolent of autumnal spices. A more than ordinarily moist summer had kept many of the trees in full leafage, and maples and hickories looked proud to be flaunting their red and yellow banners so late in November.

My way, which had run along a wood road, suddenly opened upon a highway in good repair for that section of the country, and yet the tufts of grass between the ruts gave evidence that it was not traveled overmuch. My chance of obtaining a lift to Panscot was not a good one.

I consulted my pocket compass and turned to the right, breaking into a long stride that I might reach my journey's end before nightfall.

As I walked I heard the crunch of heavy wheels behind me, and, looking back, I saw an old-fashioned and very dilapidated omnibus lumbering down upon me. It was drawn by two "rat-tailed, ewe-necked bays" and was driven by Michael Angelo's Moses. Ah, but he was a patriarchal fellow, and looked like a leader in Israel, and yet he was Yankee clear through.

As he came alongside he reined up and said, "Going to Panscot?"

"If I don't get lost," said I.

"I can take you there fer a half a dollar," said he, and then added in an apologetic tone: "Y' see, this is a reg'ler stage rowte, or I'd carry ye fer nuthin'."

"I shouldn't think it would pay if you don't have any more passengers than you have to-day," said I, glancing at the empty 'bus and then climbing up alongside the driver. It is better to ride with a companion than to walk alone.

He covered my legs with an ancient horse blanket, and as he clucked to the horses he said, "It *don't* pay. Fact is, you can tell your grandchildren, ef you ever git as far's that, that you rode on the last trip of the Doddtown an' Panscot stage. That darned new railroad has run me out of a living at seventy-four years of age."

I expressed interest in his bit of news and encouraged him to go on, and after cutting off a generous slice of Virgin Leaf and remarking that he chewed tobacco for the "teeth ache," he told me his history, which was mournful enough.

"Ef Colonel Shaw was alive to-day I'd be retired on a pension jes' as soon as they wound up the affairs of the company, but the Colonel died a couple of years ago, an' his pardner, Lemuel Dan'elson, is business clean through, an' when he hands me my eight dollars endin' up this week he'll walk off without sayin' a word, jes' as ef I hadn't drove on this rowte fer twenty-five years an' drove this very stage fer twenty. After I get my eight dollars I'll drive the stage down to my house an' I'll tell Rhody—she's my wife—thet she can have a noo hen-house on wheels, an' then I'll turn the hosses out in the lot an' my life-work'll be done an' nuthin' but the stage an' hosses to show fer't."

"How do *you* happen to own the stage and the horses?" I asked.

"Well, Lemuel Dan'elson, he owed me a month's wages about six months ago, an' fin'ly he says, says he, 'You can have the hosses an' the stage ef you'll give me five dollars to boot an' we'll call it square.' Y' see, the hosses ain't wuth five dollars apiece, stric'ly speakin', an' I knoo the stage wouldn't hold out many centuries more, but I took him up, fer I see the finish of everything then. I knoo this railroad was goin' through, an' I wanted the stage an' the hosses where I could look arter them. Stage remin's me of the One-hoss Shay I used to recite when I was at school. It'll drop to pieces all to once. Ever read it? Writ by Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Bost'n."

I told him that I had read it and that as soon as I had seen the team they had reminded me of the deacon's horse.

He fetched a hearty laugh and clucked lovingly to the superannuated pair, and they pricked up their ears and struck a four-mile-an-hour gait as willingly as if they had been colts.

"Stage was sightly enough when the Colonel brought it up from Noo York. My ol' woman has always kept the little picters clean——"

Here he paused and looked down through a small hole in the front end of the stage, evidently a place through which fares were handed.

"By gummy," said he, "I can't turn it into a hen-house 'less I take out them picters. Whoa-p!"

The stage came to a sudden stop because the right-hand tug had snapped. The venerable driver leaped nimbly off the seat and, taking from his pocket an awl and some pieces of copper wire, he proceeded to couple the two parts of the trace quite as if it were an ordinary thing. And I now noticed that it *was* an ordinary thing and that the leather harness was reinforced with copper wires in a dozen places.

While he was tinkering at the harness I went back to take a look at the "picters," wondering what he meant. I found them to be panel pictures set above the windows and in the swinging door at the back. There were perhaps a dozen or more and they might have been painted by some disciple of Watteau, so dainty were the conceptions and so harmonious and decorative the coloring.

"Where did you say that stage came from?" said I after we had taken up our journey again.

"From Noo York. Colonel Shaw went down there jes' after they quit runnin' stages on Broadway an' took up with hoss cars, an' he bought two of 'em, but the other one got afoul of the railroad down to Turner's Crossing about five years ago, an' as I tole my ol' woman at the time, thet was the las' stage of the perceedings. Warn't mor'n slivers left. Before thet, Jed. Huit used to drive, startin' from Doddtown when I left Panscot, an' turn about, but he got his arm broke an' both the hosses was kilt, an' the Colonel, he retired Jed. on a pension, an' I was left to do the hull business. Like the picters?"

"Why, they're worth framing," said I. "They're little gems."

"That's what lots of folks has said. I believe they call 'em kromios. Well, we'll put 'em in the parlor jes' ez they are."

Here the old fellow suddenly changed the subject by looking around at me quizzically and saying, "Don't know of a likely place in the city fer a young feller like me thet ain't afraid of work, do yer?"

I hardly knew how to take his question, jocose though its intention was, and I said nothing for a moment. Somehow it struck me as pathetic. My companion was silent except for whistling a bar of the Arkansaw Traveler over and over with a peculiar indrawing and exhaling of the breath that sustained the tone indefinitely.

"Can't you farm it?" said I, just for the sake of saying something.

"Farms ain't overperductive in winter hereabouts," said he dryly, looking at me from under his shaggy eyebrows. "No, I can't farm it, an' I have only a couple of acres, anyhow. Y' see, our boy went West to make his fortune an' I sold pretty much all the land I had to git him started, an' he married out there, but somehow the money got soaked up in one er them dry times in Kansas an' his wife died, leavin' him a little tot, an' fin'ly he come home with the consumption, an' ma she baby'd him an' done what she could with herbs an' some of these here paytent med'cines, but it warn't no use, an' we had to give him up. An' the little girl she done the best she could to take his place in his ma's heart, but of course it warn't quite the same. So ther's jes' us three an' me out of a job an'—Thanksgivin' nex' week."

I ventured to say that he had not much to be thankful for, but he laid his hand on my knee impressively and said:

"Don't say that. My boy is better off than ef he was sufferin' here. An' Rhody, she enjoys better health than most people at seventy-two, an' little Becky, she's sunshine all the time, wet weather or dry. Ef I had some money laid by to carry her along until some feller gives her a home of her own I wouldn't fret a bit. Anyhow, 'tain't ez ef we was among strangers. We know every one an' every one knows us. Folks around here is neighborly. Ain't a day passes thet some one don't run in to chat with Rhody, an' as fer the money part of it we won't be objec's of charity ez long as I can use an ax or a saw. We'll have plenty to thank the Lord fer when Thanksgivin' comes around, an' I dare say He'll raise up some way of pervidin' fer Becky ef we're called away while she's a child. But I'll miss these trips. By gummy, the people I've met an' the talks I've had! Why, I hain't never be'n more'n fifty miles from Panscot but I feel's if I'd be'n 'round the world. Swappin' talk is a big eddication. I'll miss thet part of it the wust way, but ther' ain't no law ag'in my hitchin' up my team ef it gits extry lonesome, an' drivin' over the road on my own hook an' jes' fer the company I may pick up. Nex' summer ef the Lord spares me I cal'late to do thet consider'ble jes' fer the sake of seein' the world."

—I TOLD MY ARTIST FRIEND ALL ABOUT HIM

And the way between Panscot and Doddtown is mostly through the woods. Yet I doubt not that Ezra Mathews had seen more of the world on those monotonous trips than many a globe trotter who travels with eyes and ears hermetically sealed.

I saw the end of the Doddtown and Panscot stage line; I was in at the death. My fine old patriarch drove up to the Globe Hotel and walked into the office with me close behind. He handed in one dollar, a passenger having ridden from Doddtown to Hackettsville. Then he said to the thin-nosed

individual with a mouth like a bank slit and who proved to be Lemuel Danielson: "Well, Lemuel, this winds up the stage-coach business in these parts."

"Hmn, hmn," said Lemuel, much as if Ezra had said we were likely to have a fair day to-morrow. Then he put the dollar into the drawer, took up eight dollars which he handed to the driver with the remark, "Wages," and picked up his paper which he had been reading.

We walked out of the hotel, but just as we reached the veranda Lemuel called out in a harsh, penetrating voice, "Come back, Ezry."

Ezra went back but I stayed outside. In a minute he returned with a queer smile hovering on his lips.

"Wanted me to give him a receipt in full for all my wages up to to-day. Jes' suppose the world was full of *his* kind——"

I accompanied Ezra to his home in the stage. He said he wanted to show me a letter written by John Hancock to his grandfather.

John Hancock must have kept the ink manufacturers busy furnishing the raw material for his flamboyant but sturdy signature. There it was at the end of a letter, and in spite of the lapse of time there seemed to be ink enough in it to carry it well into the next century.

But more interesting to me than the autograph was the old stage driver's little granddaughter, Becky. She met her grandpa with a kiss of welcome and set me wondering if the old man would be able to keep her out of the poorhouse until she should be of age to marry. I really did not wonder that he felt he had much to be thankful for with such an incarnation of sunshine in the house.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Mathews, and feeling that I knew her through her husband, I told her that I was sorry that the old stage line was broken up, and then I regretted that I had mentioned the subject, for her eyes filled.

I hate to see people cry and so it would seem did Miss Becky, for she sprang into her grandmother's lap and began to wipe away the tears with her clean little apron. Mrs. Mathews excused herself on the plea that she thought her biscuits were burning and the two went into the kitchen, while Mr. Mathews asked me to come out and he would show me the church in quest of which I had come to Panscot.

He had left the team at his hitching-post and he now drove it into his barn, its shed, where he unhitched the horses.

"There now," said he, giving each one a slap on the flank, "take your vacation same as city folks. I'm tired of drivin' ye, an' we need the stage fer our chickens."

Whether the horses understood him or not is open to question, but they certainly understood one of their new prerogatives, for they both ambled off down a lane to a bit of meadow, and then lying down they tried to roll over, and, after many attempts, one of them succeeded, to his companion's impotent envy.

The church proved to be all my fancy had pictured it, and I hope that there is a village protective association that will see to it that no one defaces it with modern furbishings. Its gracefully tapering white spire, its dentals and classic floral festoons are reminders of a time when people had unconscious good taste and had not become sophisticated enough to be vulgar, although, to be sure, they were decades away from that era of a love for the arts that is now upon us.

I took my leave of the kindly old man with sincere regret and went back to the Globe Hotel, and the next morning I took an early train for New York, to which I was going for the first time in my life on a visit to a landscape painter who has found out how to be artistic and successful at the same time.

I supposed that the story of the old stage driver was finished. I recognized him as a picturesque personage and I told my artist friend all about him because, although he paints landscapes, he is interested in men. For some reason, perhaps because I thought that an "arrived" painter would not care to hear about the decorations in an old New York omnibus, I did not say anything about the "kromios," but I did enlarge upon the old man's loss of occupation and the precariousness of the future of the sunny little Becky, and Maltby was all sympathy at once.

"Pretty country up there?" said he. "Paintable?"

"Beautiful. Just your style, too. Do you think of going up there next summer?" said I, laughing, for I knew that Maltby reserved his summers for the South of France.

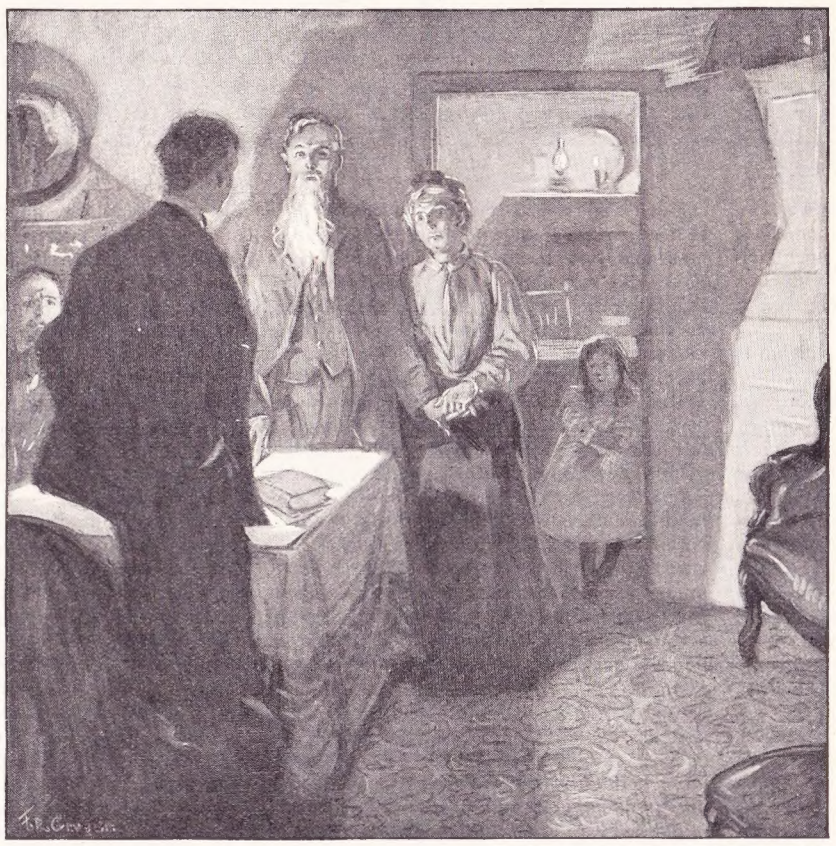
"I was thinking that perhaps I *might* go up there and board with the old chap."

"Well, I'm afraid that they are too old to take kindly to boarders."

And then the matter dropped and we talked of other things.

After dinner we were sitting in Maltby's studio, smoking. He was talking about early American artists and how some of them who were in advance of their times died unrecognized. "There's one old chap who would have been a court favorite in the days of Louis XIV, but as he happened to live in New York in the early part of this century he had to eke out his living by painting panels in omnibuses and on fire engines. His name was John Quidor. He worked on canvas, too, you understand, but he relied on his money for the landlady by doing what many artists would have considered plebeian work. Most of the stages were sold and broken up long ago, but I was lucky enough to get hold of one picture the other day that I wouldn't part with for $500. It's worthy of most of the old Dutch genre painters."

I don't know why it didn't remind me of my old stage driver's "kromios," but I never thought a thing about them until Maltby had taken me into his bedroom and had showed



"I JUST WANTED TO SEE WHAT I COULD DO IN THE WAY OF BARGAINING MYSELF"

me a panel of some village children sliding on the ice. I almost yelled when I saw it.

"Why, man, the old fellow up in Maine has a dozen of those. His stage-coach came from New York——"

"What!" cried Maltby, taking my hand in his in his earnestness. "Are you sure?"

"Am I *sure?* Of *course* I am. There's a scene in a park, a lady feeding her deer, and a Maypole dance, and, let me see—and a sleigh ride and the last load of hay and two or three others, some of them illustrating scenes in Irving's sketches."

"Oh, George!" said Maltby, "carry me home to die! There's a picture collector in this town who told me that he would give his eye teeth for one of those pictures. If they are veritable Quidors that old man up in Maine is about to sit down in a tub of butter. I'll sell just one of them to Pridham at a good price and I'll keep the rest. Are you dead sure that they are the real thing? When can we go up there? Does he appreciate their value?"

Maltby is an excitable fellow and he was all over the room while he was talking, now looking at the little panel and then putting questions to me like shot out of a cannon.

I was willing to stake my reputation on the fact that the pictures in the omnibus and the one that Maltby had were by the same hand, and as a consequence the next evening's express into Panscot bore the artist and myself. . . .

Maltby had been looking at the pictures by the light of a candle and we were now sitting in the parlor, and in the doorway stood the little granddaughter, who seemed to be afraid to enter a room sacred to funerals as a general thing.

"Do you mean to say that you two grown men come all the way up here to look at them picters?" said Ezra.

"Not exactly that," said Maltby slowly, "I want to buy them. How much are they worth?"

Mrs. Mathews was of the party and she fairly hung on Ezra's answer. She seemed to have a keen eye for business.

"Why," said Ezra, "I didn't cal'late to sell 'em. I'm kinder fond of 'em myself. If they're wuth a trip up here to you I guess they're wuth keepin'——"

"Why, Ezry, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" said Mrs. Mathews, her voice trembling with intensity. "We ain't in a position to refuse this gentleman's offer to buy."

"No, no, so we hain't," said Ezra, a new light breaking on him. "But, mother, I like them picters an' I was go'n' to have 'em sawed out an' set up in here."

"Well, what are they worth?" asked Maltby in a hard, businesslike tone that surprised me.

Ezra looked at his wife, and then he looked at the little vision in the doorway. "Well," said he finally, "I guess ef you've come all the way up here from 'York they ought to be wuth—they ought to be wuth t——"

Ezra looked appealingly at his wife. He was plainly going to say "two dollars apiece," but I saw the knotted fingers of her right hand straighten out and he said, "They ought to be wuth five dollars apiece."

The simplicity of the old couple appealed to me and I hoped that the low figure would awaken Maltby's usually generous instincts, but he seemed to be overcome by his rare chance for a bargain.

"I don't know," said he musingly. "After all, they're only decorations in a very old stage-coach. I think that four dollars and a half apiece would be a better figure. *That* would be nearly eighty dollars for the lot."

"E—e—ighty dollars!" said Ezra, sucking in his breath with evident surprise at the grand total.

"Eighty dollars!" said Mrs. Mathews, setting her head on one side and patting her husband's hand affectionately.

Then Ezra turned to me and said, "Young man, I guess Thanksgivin' Day will be a time of extry rejoicing in this fam'ly."

As for me I felt like denouncing Maltby for a mean cad.

Luckily I kept my mouth shut, but it was hard work. I made up my mind to double the amount on my own hook and let my friend know of it when we had returned to New York.

Suddenly Maltby broke into a hearty laugh.

"I thought that Yankees were born bargainers," said he. "If you'd held out for five I should have given it."

This, in my opinion, was adding insult to injury, but Maltby seemed to enjoy rubbing it in, and as for the Mathews, they did not seem to realize that they were losing a great opportunity. They looked at each other delightedly and murmured "eighty dollars" at intervals.

At last Maltby rose to his feet and said as he walked toward the door, "I just wanted to see what I could do in the way of bargaining myself but I'm not very good at it." Here he put his hands on little Becky's head and the child nestled up to him in a way I thought he did not deserve.

He went on, "Of course I want to pay you what the pictures are worth to me, and I want to tell you that I expect to get all my money back. I'll pay you $200 apiece for them, or $3200 for the lot."

Then I had such a revulsion of feeling that I had to leave the room. I went out and sat down in the stage, and by the moonlight I could see the sixteen pictures that were to make the next Thursday a day of Thanksgiving indeed for Ezra and his wife—and little Becky.

Feathered Gluttons

CAREFUL field and laboratory study by the Division of Economic Ornithology of the Department of Agriculture has led to some remarkable disclosures in regard to the amount of insects required to satisfy the appetites of nestlings.

Little wrens, cuckoos, robins, shrikes, scarlet tanagers and other birds whose embryonic stomachs are not much more than a mere membranous sac, will consume in a day twice their own weight in foods. They begin dining before sunrise and continue an almost uninterrupted repast until after sunset. Their food is served to them on an average every other minute by the vigilant and provident mother bird. During a day nestlings sometimes gain nearly fifty per cent. in weight.

Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, of the Biological Survey, has made observations on a farm near Washington, and has discovered that from two hundred to four hundred insects a day, such as grasshoppers, green caterpillars *(heliothis dipsaceus)*, white grubs and pentatomid bugs constitute the diet of an ordinary nestling bird. And as the insects chosen for the diet of the nestlings are in the main injurious to agriculture, the prodigious supply required by the nest birds is a matter of great interest to the farming industry.

The amazing diet of nestlings is of special interest inasmuch as the nesting season comes at a time when agricultural pests are most active and when they can do the greatest amount of damage. The Department therefore recommends that birds be encouraged to build their nests in the vicinity of growing crops.

IN THE OLD HOUSE

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

Illustrations by J. J. Gould and Guernsey Moore

THE house in Virginia in which we lived when we were children may have seemed very plain and homely to other people, but it had certain mysterious peculiarities which put it, for us, into the same class of houses as Macbeth's Castle Glamis or the witch-haunted stronghold in Sintram. We know now that they were not mysteries, but they still give a certain significance to the old house which was the background of our lives.

I don't remember now what taxes were paid on it, nor what was the condition of the plumbing, nor even how many chambers it had — but these things I always shall remember:

In each room was a huge fire of bituminous coal. The black soot hung and swayed in the great chimneys like a mass of sable mosses, and, beneath, yellow and red and purple flames leaped up from an inky base to reach them, while on this base, black and shining as jet, was a gray lettering that incessantly formed itself almost into words and then crumbled away. You knew that the words, if you could read them, would tell you the secret of your life, and you would watch them late into the night until you fell asleep and woke up to watch again. But the words always crumbled away before you could read them.

These flames and gray ashes have burned always in our memory, and made the wood-fires of which poets talk so much seem thin and meaningless to us.

Then there were the hillocks in the garden on which melons grew in summer, but which in winter turned into the Alps sheeted with glaciers. We always "made the ascent" just at dusk, equipped with alpenstocks and with bottles of spruce beer and brown jumbles. The alpenstocks and the cakes and the beer all were made with her own hands by our good Angel (though we called her by a better name than that); it was She who packed the cakes and little bottles into bags hung to our waists, and gave us our staffs and shut us out into the twilight to make our perilous journey, setting a candle in the window to light us home again across the icy wastes.

The old house had its historic points, too. There were the big wooden chairs on which the three Indian chiefs had sat when they stopped to see my father on their way to Washington. These warriors were in state dress, their faces painted in scarlet streaks; they wore crowns of eagle feathers and robes embroidered with beads and quills. They were live horrors to remember for years, and to shiver over when you were in bed and the candles were out and you pulled the clothes over your head. It was She who urged us not to be outdone in good-breeding by savages. So we went into the room to welcome them and sat on a row of chairs, stiff with terror when they laughed and grunted "papoose." One of us even carried a plate of our own jumbles to them, and the big warrior dumped cakes, plate and all into the corner of his robe and carried them away. When they were going they turned on the threshold and this great chief made a farewell speech. The meaning of this oration always remained a family mystery. Had he pronounced a curse or a blessing on us? Even at this late day I should really like to know what he did say.

Then there was that green field with its old trees at the right of the house in which — Something — had wailed and made moans the night when one of us lay dead. The night was clear, the moon being full. Every one of the family heard the strange sobbing and cries. But there was no living thing in the field. Nothing but the voice. No stranger not of our blood heard it. But this we never talked of.

But of all the mysteries in that house the most real was Monsieur Jean Crapeaud.

There was a narrow high closet cut into the side of the dining-room chimney of which the door was always kept locked. There were six shelves in it. On the lower three were medicines, almanacs, all the odds and ends of an orderly housekeeper's treasures; then came two shelves, empty, because they were too high for even grown folks to reach. And in the dark upper shelf which nobody could touch even by standing on the highest chair dwelt Monsieur Crapeaud.

I don't know who first told us of him or his history. We seemed to have known him always. He was an old nobleman and had been driven out of France by Napoleon. Every day now he went forth for adventures. We were sure that there was no place in the world where fighting was going on that Monsieur Jean would not be found, in full armor, mounted on a gray steed, carrying a drawn sword and a banner blazoned with the lilies of France. But at night he always came home to his quarters on the top shelf. That was, of course, only the entrance to his citadel. Who could tell how many gilded salons and high towers and dungeons for his enemies he had there, back of the chimney? He was, we believed, but twelve inches high and we saw no difficulty in his entertaining many guests in his small quarters. Naturally, the size of these nobles of France — émigrés — would have shrunken with their fortunes. Barbara, our nurse, boasted that she had often seen them, and described them as perpetually busy with eating frogs' legs and smoking corn-cob pipes. We said nothing, but secretly we did not believe Barbara's story. That statement about cob pipes such as the negroes smoked lacked common-sense. We could not be taken in by it.

When we had anything especially good to eat, such as taffy or black cake, we would throw bits of it up to the upper shelf, and when the evening readings touched on wars or deeds of derring-do, we opened the closet door that Monsieur Jean might hear. I remember that in the midst of the great tournament in Ivanhoe somebody gasped in a whisper, "Maybe he was there!" The idea was so tremendous that we had to stop reading that night to think it over.

Nobody had ever seen Jean, and there was only one person in the house to whom he would speak. It was very seldom that we could persuade this friend of the exiled nobleman to seek an audience. When he consented, how our hearts throbbed and our feet grew cold as he would rise, lay down his cigar and gravely unlock the closet door.

Three little taps. "Monsieur!"

Silence. Other taps: "Monsieur, will you permit the children to bid you good-evening?"

"Oui — oui!" in a shrill little voice, thin and sharp as the stab of a penknife. It came from the closet, from the floor, from the open window, and our blood ran cold as we listened.

"What would they ask of poor Jean Crapeaud?"

"Go on. Speak!" the interpreter would say, nodding solemnly to us.

That was the awful moment!

Usually the boldest boy would gasp, "Where did you fight to-day, General?"

Sometimes the answer was "With the Indians," or "Against the Turks," or, most blood-curdling of all, "In Africa, with lions." But he always quickly added: "I am tired now with the fight. I go to sleep. Bon soir, mes enfants" — the shrill pipe of a voice retreating up and up into the air.

"Bon soir, Monsieur," we would shout in chorus. Oh, the fearful joy and relief as the last thin "Adieu" died out and the interpreter locked the door, invariably coughing violently.

The town in which we lived was a sleepy Southern village, backed by green wooded hills, with one or two streets lazily stretching side by side along the bank of the river and bordered by stately rows of Lombardy poplars — their gutters choked with grass and yellow starwort, and, sometimes, a pig. A few large dwellings, set in old-fashioned lawns and gardens, wore their drapery of woodbine and roses with a certain stateliness. The village was a halting-place on the great National Road, then the only avenue of traffic between the South and the North. Every morning two stage-coaches with prancing horses and shrill horns dashed down the sleeping streets to the wharf, full of passengers from the East who hurried on board the steamboats bound for St. Louis or New Orleans. Huge vans often passed, laden with merchandise for the plantations or with bales of cotton for the Northern mills. Now and then a white-topped Conestoga wagon drawn by eight horses, each carrying a chime of bells, came through the village bearing an emigrant family to the West. The mother and children peeped out of the high front, and the father, carrying a gun, walked with his dog.

These emigrants often were from Norway or Poland or Germany and wore their national costumes as European peasants still did then. Then the wagon meant as much to us as Ivanhoe itself. It had come up with these strange people out of far-off lands of mystery and was taking them into the wilderness, full of raging bears and panthers and painted warriors, all to be fought in turn. We used to look after the children peeping out at us with bitter envy.

I see now that the village was a picturesque old place. On a bluff by the river were the ruins of the fort in which the first settlers took shelter from the Indians. These old settlers grew rich from the growth in value of land which had cost them nothing. One of them was still living, long past eighty, and each year used to give a ball in his barnlike house, when he would appear in an old Continental uniform and bare feet. The descendants of these old hunters made up the new-rich class of the village. They had swarthy skins, small glittering black eyes and high cheek-bones. I suspect now that they inherited more than land from the red men. Their only idea of fashionable life was hard drinking and high gambling.

In some of the old houses, however, lived quiet folk who kept apart from these people. In each of these households were a few slaves, some family portraits and plate, a shelf or two of Latin and English classics — and very little money. The owners stood as secure on their pedigree as though they traced their blood back through nobles of Castile for fifty generations. They had a fine simplicity and gentleness of speech which I remember as I do songs heard in my childhood. Father Vaughan, the Catholic priest, was one of them, and Doctor Morris, the old Episcopal minister, who christened and married and buried us all — was another. The two old men used to meet sometimes in our house (for everybody who was witty or wise loved to gather about Her), but they were formal and stately to each other as to nobody else, and neither man ever spoke of religion when the other was by.

In the largest of the old houses lived Colonel Richard Stuart. The Colonel was the only man I ever saw who wore knee-breeches and a queue. Mistress Stuart, too, when she came to drink tea with us, wore a velvet gown with ruby buttons, and a lawn turban folded above her whiter hair. They were a most simple-minded, gentle old couple, and, being childless, were never so happy as when we visited them and they could stuff us with plum-cake and syllabub. Yet we always felt that they were not quite real, but had come down from that far-off age where everything was old, where George Washington was the father of his country and Elijah was carried off to Heaven in a fiery chariot.

Suddenly a mysterious disaster befell the old people. It never was explained to us. Even now I can but guess at the facts.

There was in the village a certain Squire Hiram McCall, our one man of business. The town was proud of him. We children used to hear men boast that "Hiram was a financier known from New York to St. Louis." "Hiram could hold his own on any Exchange in the country." He was a stout, hook-nosed, keen-eyed man. We knew that he had a Bank and Capital. We used to hear him bragging on the street corners of his plans to make his fellow-citizens rich. He never spoke to us, but would stumble over us and push us out of his way.

One day the whole town whispered together as at a funeral. Many of the women cried. We listened, of course, wherever we could. Some of the men we found "had gone on McCall's paper" — whatever that might be — "and were ruined. But the ruin of old Dick Stuart," they said, "was the most complete of all."

We hurried at once to the Stuart place and peeped through the fence. What was ruin? Were our old friends dead? No, there they were on the porch, and She was with them. Her face was pale and her eyes burning. She was urging them to take the benefit of some law which she said Henry Clay had made for the help of poor debtors.

"Are you to starve in your old age," we heard her sobbing, "to pay the debts of that villain?"

"I signed my name. I gave my word," was all that the old man said.

We thought it wiser to go home. She might look at the fence. But we were satisfied. If She and Henry Clay had taken the matter in hand it was all right.

There is a blur of time. Then came a day of horror. The Stuarts had nothing. The old man gave up houses, money, land—all; even the velvet gowns and ruby buttons were sold to the dark-skinned rich women.

The story was told to us a hundred times. "You *must* understand," She said, the tears in her eyes. "The Colonel is penniless and homeless. But he has kept his honor!" She urged us to take this thing to heart and when we were grown up to go and do likewise.

I don't think the lesson struck home. Honor, with no house, nor plum-cake, nor knee-breeches, looks mean and cold when one is nine years old. Later we heard that the Colonel had asked for, and been given, the post of tollgate keeper on the turnpike, and was there, taking the tolls.

For years after that, on every fair Sunday afternoon we were dressed and taken to the tollhouse to "pay our respects." There was always a certain solemnity in the visit, something like a presentation at court. The whole town delighted to honor the old people. You always found some of their old friends on the vine-covered little porch where Mistress Stuart sat in her soft gray gown. There was no lawn turban now to hide her white hair. But the Colonel still wore his knee-breeches and queue. This comforted us greatly. The tollgate was on a lonely mountain road. Hours might pass before a wagon or horseman would be seen coming up out of the fog. But then it was a fine sight to see the Colonel lay down his pipe, step solemnly out on the road, and taking off his hat pass the time of day with the traveler, while the "levy" or "fip" was handed to him.

His story was known throughout that part of Virginia and great reverence was shown by all passers-by to the old gatekeeper.

Another figure belonging to our first days in the world was "Knocky-luft." I heard, forty years later, that her real name was Cathy Warren, and that she had come long before I was born from County Cork with her boy Jim to seek their fortune here. Jim went on to the West and his mother waited in our village for him to come back with the fortune. I remember her chubby face and blue eyes often bent greedily over some new gown or hat of my mother's. "Ah-h!" she would mutter with breathless delight. "I do be thinkin' Jim would be cravin' the like for his old Knocky-luft when he comes back wid his big bags of goold! He's such a fool boy!"

Jim wrote one day that he was "pushin' on to the Rockies and would write again when he came back."

Long before our childhood Knocky was waiting for that letter. Still waiting, she grew, as the years went by, into a lean, yellow old woman with hungry, frightened eyes. Every day she stopped at the house on her way down the street.

"Where are you going, Knocky?" we always cried.

"To the po—stoffis, children," she would say with dignity. "There'll be a letter to-day from my son James, I'm thinkin'."

We used to watch for her at the garden gate as she crept back again, to comfort her with a plate of good things saved from the midday meal. If we could show her, too, a gay gown or bit of finery the cure was complete. She would turn it over and over eagerly shaking her head, muttering: "I doubt I'm too old—I don't want to be redickelus. But Jim'll be havin' his own way! He allays called me his pretty Knock." Then she would go away, cheerfully calling out that we would see her in the morning.

As years went by she grew more lean and gray and silent. At last she gave up work altogether. Nobody dared to offer her alms. I remember the shudder that went through the family when we heard that she had left her snug little room and was living in a hut on the Commons. We knew now that she had given up hope and had gone out there to die.

The Commons was the plague spot of the village, a collection of wretched cabins tenanted by drunken free negroes and Irish. Among its other horrors were goats and jimson-weeds and a foul pond covered with yellow slime.

Knocky-luft found shelter in one of these hovels. Never by a word did she let us know that her hope was gone, that she had lost faith in Jim.

Every morning she crept down to the post-office and back again. There was a certain drunken old hag known to the village as Widdy Kate, who sometimes followed her with jeers, desiring to know whether "her ladyship's son was coming to-day in his charyut an' six?"

Knocky took refuge from her in our garden one day. "To think, childher," she cried, "that I've sunk down to livin' in the same house with Widdy Kate! Only she has the big room an' I hev the kitchen!"

How could we comfort such misery as that? It was raining. We dragged her into the house and showed her my new frock of nankin embroidered in linen floss. This was comforting, and when we reached the pantry and displayed a row of smoking mince pies—Knocky was laughing.

It was Thanksgiving Day—the first that ever had been kept in the village. The Chief Burgess Pomeroy had urged it on us this year, but the people did not take it up heartily.

"Why," Father Vaughan had said at supper the night before—"why should we adopt a Yankee holy day? I strongly suspect that Pomeroy came from New England himself."

"The feast of Thanksgiving," said Doctor Morris who was there for supper, too, "belongs to *our* church. We kept it in England centuries before the first Yankee was born."

OUR FEET GREW COLD AS HE WOULD RISE, LAY DOWN HIS CIGAR AND GRAVELY UNLOCK THE CLOSET DOOR

Then She said in that soft, steady way which always ended a dispute, "We cannot have too many days in the year on which to thank God together."

We tried to make this all clear to Knocky, with the pies, real and smoking, in sight. But she grew restless again.

"What for shud *I* be thankin' God?" she cried "Christmas I know, an' the Battle of N-Yorleens, an' the Fourth of July. But I can't be givin' thanks—I'll go home, childher. No, I want no dinner."

She would not even take a pie. We tried to hold her back, but she shook us off and went down the street under the dripping trees again, back to her home with Kate. We were still, I remember, at the window looking miserably out at the rain when She came up the path. She was very pale and she held something white in her hand.

"Is Knocky here?" she said. "It is the letter from Jim."

The day is blurred to me. I wish to tell only what I remember clearly, for this story is a fact in every detail.

"Jim" came that afternoon to the house to find his mother. He was a stout, oldish man with a worn face but kind eyes. He was handsomely dressed and stated to my father that he had grown rich in the West and had come to take his mother home. "I'll make her happy!" he said. Why he had not come before I do not know to this day, but he seemed to satisfy my father, for he shook hands heartily with him, and said:

"She shall be brought to you here, sir, at once."

But She interposed, saying: "No; let him go and find his mother as she is." She did not shake hands with Jim.

Feeling that the Commons was the centre of public interest that day we found our way there in the afternoon, braving the terrors of Widdy Kate and the butting billy-goats. Knocky saw us far off. "Come in, childher!" she called. "Come in. It's Jim! I mean, it's my son, Mr.——"

She stopped and looked at him. She was frightened, uncertain. He stroked her hand gently, humoring her like a baby.

"Yes, it's Jim. I came a little while ago, you know, mother."

Knocky started up. "Look at my gown, childher! Silk, d'ye see, as ud stan' alone! Jim had it made up in the latest fashion. An' the lace in the bosom, d'ye see? An' flowin' sleeves! An' the goold watch!"

"I thought she'd be pleased," he said awkwardly, looking at us.

"I'll tell ye what'll plaze me!" she cried shrilly. "If you'll go out I'll put them all on. An' Jim'll get a carriage—an open phaton like a charyut an' two horses an' we'll drive past Widdy Kate's dure through the streets to the Travelers' Inn, an' we'll take dinner there!"

"Very well, mother," said her son, watching her uneasily.

"You've got enough money? None but rich folks can dine at the Travelers' Inn. They drink wine for dinner. Can we have wine? An' you'll drive slow through the streets. Past the po—stoffis! I want to stop an' tell them that my letter's come!"

Jim came out with us and shut the door. We took time to notice that he looked white and sick and that Widdy Kate was waiting with all the other neighbors at the pond, and then we scurried home to tell the news.

An hour later we saw the phaeton making its triumphal way down the street. The sun had come out and shone on the wet trees.

Suddenly the horses stopped near our gate. Jim jumped out of the phaeton and lifted Knocky-luft in his arms. He carried her past us up the path.

"She is not well!" he cried. "Where is a doctor?"

In a minute she was lying on a couch and they were rubbing her hands, and I was running for old Doctor Tanner, whose shop (with the terrible skeleton) was at the back of our garden.

Then everybody knew, and came. When they saw Knocky the men took off their hats and the women cried and went out again. Doctor Morris, our old minister, came up the path, thinking that he was needed, but seeing who it was he ran to find Father Vaughan. "It is you who is wanted," he cried. "Go—make haste!"

All this time Knocky was looking at Jim. When I saw her eyes I thought, "She knows him now!"

"Dear boy!" she whispered, "you've come!"

He was holding her in his arms. Presently he kissed her and laid her down.

"I came too late," he said, and went out to another room.

Now She had been watching him, very sternly, I thought. Presently She went to him and touched him gently. "No, you were not too late," she said.

We children went into the room where Knocky lay. It was very still. Father Vaughan knelt beside her, praying. The women went in and out, silently, with white faces. We knew that something had come into the house that we never had known before. We found old Doctor Morris outside.

"What has happened?" we whispered. "What is it?"

The old man was pale, but he said to us cheerfully, "Knocky has gone, dear children, to keep the great day of Thanksgiving."

The sleepy old village is now a great manufacturing city with huge chimneys belching forth smoke overhead, and gangs of foreign laborers crowding the streets below. If you should go there you would not find one of these people of whom I have told you.

The old house, they tell me, is still standing. I wonder if the field beside it is still vacant? And on moonlight nights does—Something—cry there, and moan for that which is gone and will not come again?

THE PIT

By Frank Norris

Author of The Octopus

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CHAPTER X

ONE morning in November of the same year Laura joined her husband at breakfast, preoccupied and a little grave, her mind full of a subject about which, she told herself, she could no longer keep from speaking. So soon as an opportunity presented itself, which was when Jadwin laid down his paper and drew his coffee-cup toward him, Laura exclaimed: "Curtis."

"Well, old girl?"

"Curtis, dear, . . . when is it all going to end—your speculating? You never used to be this way. It seems as though, nowadays, I never had you to myself. Even when you are not going over papers and reports and that, or talking by the hour to Mr. Gretry in the library—even when you are not doing all that, your mind seems to be away from me—down there in La Salle Street or the Board of Trade Building. Dearest, you don't know. I don't mean to complain, and I don't want to be exacting or selfish, but—sometimes I—I am lonesome. Don't interrupt," she said hastily. "I want to say it all at once, and then never speak of it again. Last night, when Mr. Gretry was here, you said, just after dinner, that you would be all through your talk in an hour. And I waited. . . . I waited till eleven, and then I went to bed. Dear, I—I—I was lonesome. The evening was so long. I had put on my very prettiest gown, the one you said you liked so much, and you never seemed to notice. You told me Mr. Gretry was going by nine, and I had it all planned how we would spend the evening together."

But she got no further. Her husband had taken her in his arms, and had interrupted her words with blustering exclamations of self-reproach and self-condemnation. He was a brute, he cried, a senseless, selfish ass, who had no right to such a wife, who was not worth a single one of the tears that by now were trembling on Laura's lashes.

"Now we won't speak of it again," she began. "I suppose I am selfish——"

"Selfish nothing!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk that way. I'm the one——"

"But," Laura persisted, "some time you will—get out of this speculating for good? Oh, I do look forward to it so! And, Curtis, what is the use? We're so rich now we can't spend our money. What do you want to make more for?"

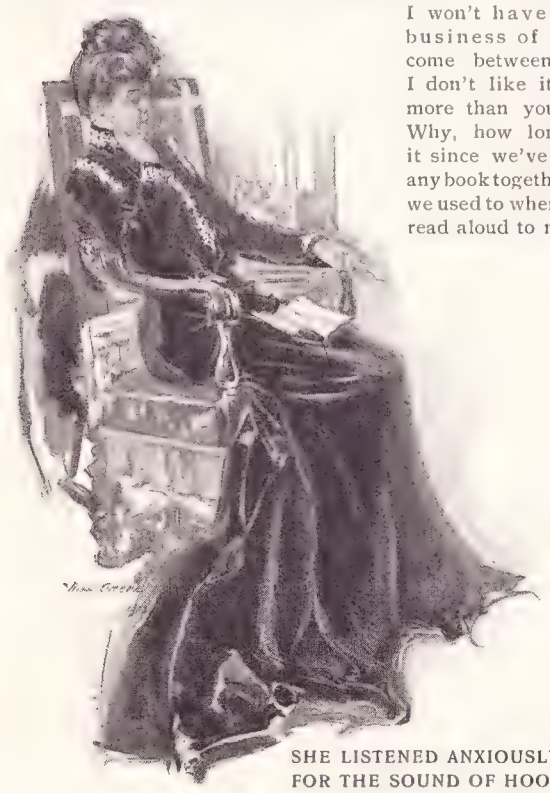
"Oh, it's not the money," he answered. "It's the fun of the thing; the excitement——"

"That's just it, the 'excitement.' You don't know, Curtis. It is changing you. You are so nervous sometimes, and sometimes you don't listen to me when I talk to you. I can just see what's in your mind. It's wheat, wheat, wheat, wheat, wheat all the time. Oh, if you knew how I hated and feared it!"

"Well, old girl, that settles it. I wouldn't make you unhappy a single minute for all the wheat in the world."

"And you will stop speculating?"

"Well, I can't pull out all in a moment, but just as soon as a chance comes I'll get out of the market. At any rate, I won't have any business of mine come between us. I don't like it any more than you do. Why, how long is it since we've read any book together, as we used to when you read aloud to me?"



SHE LISTENED ANXIOUSLY FOR THE SOUND OF HOOFS

"Not since we came back from the country."

"By George, that's so, that's so." He shook his head. "I've got to taper off. You're right, Laura. But you don't know, you haven't a guess how this trading in wheat gets a hold of you. And, then, what am I to do? What are we fellows, who have made our money, to do? I've got to be busy. I can't sit down and twiddle my thumbs. And I don't believe in lounging around clubs, or playing with race-horses, or murdering game birds, or running some poor, helpless fox to death. Speculating seems to be about the only game or the only business that's left open to me—that appears to be legitimate. I know I've gone too far into it, and I promise you I'll quit. But it's fine fun. When you know how to swing a deal, and can look ahead a little further than the other fellows, and can take chances they daren't, and plan and manœuvre, and then see it all come out just as you had known it would all along—I tell you it's absorbing."

"But you never do tell me," she objected. "I never know what you are doing. I hear through Mr. Court or Mr. Gretry, but never through you. Don't you think you could trust me? I want to enter into your life on its every side, Curtis. Tell me," she suddenly demanded, "what are you doing now?"

"Very well, then," he said, "I'll tell you. Of course you mustn't speak about it. It's nothing very secret, but it's always as well to keep quiet about these things."

She gave her word, and leaned her elbows on the table, prepared to listen intently. Jadwin crushed a lump of sugar against the inside of his coffee-cup.

"Well," he began, "I've not been doing anything very exciting, except to buy wheat."

"What for?"

"To sell again. You see, I'm one of those who believe that wheat is going up. I was the very first to see it, I guess, way back last April. Now in August, this year, while we were up at the lake, I bought three million bushels."

"Three—million—bushels!" she murmured. "Why, what do you do with it? Where do you put it?"

He tried to explain that he had merely bought the right to call for the grain on a certain date, but she could not understand this very clearly.

"They must have wheat, and I've got it."

"Never mind," she told him; "go on."

"Well, then, at the end of August we found out that the wet weather in England would make a short crop there, and along in September came the news that Siberia would not raise enough to supply the southern provinces of Russia. That left only the United States and the Argentine Republic to feed pretty much the whole world. Of course that would make wheat valuable. Seems to be a short-crop year everywhere. I saw that wheat would go higher and higher, so I bought another million bushels in October, and another early in this month. That's all. You see, I figure that pretty soon those people over in England and Italy and Germany—the people that eat wheat—will be willing to pay us in America big prices for it, because it's so hard to get. They've got to have the wheat—it's bread 'n' butter to them."

"Oh, then, why not give it to them?" she cried. "Give it to those poor people—your five million bushels. Why, that would be a godsend to them." Jadwin stared a moment.

"Oh, that isn't exactly how it works out," he said.

Before he could say more the maid came in and handed to Jadwin three dispatches.

"Now those," said Laura, when the servant had gone out, "you get those every morning. Are those part of your business? What do they say?"

"I'll read them to you," he told her as he slit the first envelope. "They are cablegrams from agents of mine in Europe. Gretry arranged to have them sent to me. Here now, this is from Odessa. It's in cipher, but"—he drew a narrow memorandum-book from his breast pocket—"I'll translate it for you."

"IT'S THE 'EUROPEAN DEMAND' AT LAST"

He turned the pages of the key book a few moments, jotting down the translation on the back of an envelope with the gold pencil at the end of his watch-chain.

"Here's how it reads," he said at last. "'Cash wheat advanced one cent bushel on Liverpool buying, stock light. Shipping to interior. European price not attractive to sellers.'"

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Well, that Russia will not export wheat, that she has no more than enough for herself, so that Western Europe will have to look to us for her wheat."

"And the others? Read those to me."

Again Jadwin translated.

"This is from Paris."

"'Answer on one million bushels wheat in your market—stocks lighter than expected, and being cleared up.'"

"Which is to say?" she queried.

"They want to know how much I would ask for a million bushels. They find it hard to get the stuff over there—just as I said they would."

"Will you sell it to them?"

"Maybe. I'll talk to Sam about it."

"And now the last one."

"It's from Liverpool, and Liverpool, you must understand, is the great buyer of wheat. It's a tremendously influential place."

He began once more to consult the key book, one finger following the successive code words of the dispatch.

Laura, watching him, saw his eyes suddenly contract.

"By George," he muttered all at once; "by George, what's this?"

"What is it?" she demanded. "Is it important?"

But, all-absorbed, Jadwin neither heard nor responded. Three times he verified the same word.

"Oh, please tell me," she begged.

Jadwin shook his head impatiently and held up a warning hand.

"Wait, wait," he said. "Wait a minute."

Word for word he wrote out the translation of the cablegram, and then studied it intently.

"That's it," he said at last. Then he got to his feet. "I guess I've had enough breakfast," he declared. He looked at his watch, touched the call bell, and when the maid appeared said:

"Tell Jarvis to bring the buggy around right away."

"But, dear, what is it?" repeated Laura. "You said you would tell me. You see," she cried, "it's just as I said. You've forgotten my very existence. When it's a question of wheat I count for nothing. And just now, when you read the dispatch to yourself, you were all different; such a look came into your face, so cruelly eager and triumphant——"

"You'd be eager, too," he exclaimed, "if you understood. Look; read it for yourself."

He thrust the cable into her hands. Over each code word he had written its translation, and his wife read:

"Large firms here short and in embarrassing position, owing to curtailment in Argentine shipments. Can negotiate for five million wheat if price satisfactory."

"Well?" she asked.

"Well, don't you see what that means? It's the 'European demand' at last. They must have wheat, and I've got it to give 'em—wheat that I bought, oh, at seventy cents, some of it, and they'll pay the market—that is, eighty cents—for it. Oh, they'll pay more. They'll pay eighty-two if I want 'em to. France is after the stuff, too. Remember that cable from Paris I just read. They'd bid against each other. Why, if I pull this off, if this goes through—and, by George," he went on, speaking as much to himself as to her, new phases of the affair presenting themselves to him at every moment—"by George, I don't have to throw this wheat into the Pit and break down the price—and Gretry has understandings with the railroads, through the elevator gang, so we get big rebates. Why, this wheat is worth eighty-two cents to them, and then there's this 'curtailment in Argentine shipments.' That's the first word we've had about small crops there. Holy Moses, if the Argentine crop is off wheat will knock the roof clean off the Board of Trade!" The maid reappeared in the doorway. "The buggy?" queried Jadwin. "All right. I'm off, Laura, and—until it's over keep quiet about all this, you know. Ask me to read you some more cables some day. It brings good luck."

He gathered up his dispatches and the mail and was gone. Laura, left alone, sat looking out of the window a long moment. She heard the front door close, and then the sound of the horses' hoofs on the asphalt by the porte-cochère. They died down, ceased, and all at once a great silence seemed to settle over the house.

Laura sat thinking. At last she rose.

"It is the first time," she said to herself, "that Curtis ever forgot to kiss me good-by."

The day, for all that the month was December, was fine. The sun shone; under foot the ground was dry and hard. The snow which had fallen ten days before was practically gone. In fine, it was a perfect day for riding. Laura called her maid and got into her habit. The groom with his own horse and Crusader were waiting for her when she descended.

That forenoon Laura rode further and longer than usual. She made a circle around North Lake, and came back by way of the Linne monument and the Palm House, Crusader ambling quietly, the groom trotting stolidly in the rear. Throughout all her ride she had seen no one but the park gardeners and the single gray-coated, mounted policeman whom she met each time she rode, and who always touched his helmet to her as she cantered past. Possibly she had grown a little careless in looking out for pedestrians at the crossings, for as she turned eastward at the La Salle statue she all but collided with a gentleman who was traversing the road at the same time.

She brought her horse to a standstill with a little start of apprehension, but started again as she saw that the gentleman was Sheldon Corthell.

"Well," she cried, taken all aback, unable to think of formalities, and relapsing all at once into the young girl of Barrington, Massachusetts, "well, I never—of all the people."

But, no doubt, she had been more in his mind than he in hers, and a meeting with her was for him an eventuality not at all remote. There was more of pleasure than of embarrassment in that first look in which he recognized the wife of Curtis Jadwin. He came quickly forward, one hand extended, the other holding his cap.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," he exclaimed.

It was the old Corthell beyond doubting or denial. Not a single inflection of his low-pitched, gently modulated voice was wanting; not a single infinitesimal mannerism was changed, even to the little tilting of the chin when he spoke, or the quick winking of the eyelids, or the smile that narrowed the corners of the eyes themselves, or the trick of perfect repose of his whole body. Even his handkerchief, as always, since first she had known him, was tucked into his sleeve at the wrist.

"And so you are back again," she cried. "And when, and how?"

"And so—yes—so I am back again," he repeated, as they shook hands. "Only day before yesterday, and quite surreptitiously. No one knows yet that I am here. I crept in—or my train did—under the cover of night from Tuscany and old gardens and marble porticoes."

"Now why any one should leave Tuscan gardens and porticoes for a winter in Chicago I cannot see," she said.

"It is a little puzzling," he answered. "But I fancy that my gardens and porticoes and all the rest had come to seem to me a little—as the French would put it—*molle*. I began to long for a touch of our hard, harsh city again. Harshness has its place, I think, if it is only to cut one's teeth on."

Laura looked down at him, smiling.

"I should have thought you had cut yours long ago," she said.

"Not my wisdom teeth," he urged. "I feel now that I have come to that time of life when it is expedient to have wisdom."

"I have never known that feeling," she confessed, "and I live in the 'hard, harsh' city."

"Oh, that is because you have never known what it meant not to have wisdom," he retorted. "Tell me about everybody," he went on. "Your husband, he is well, of course, and distressfully rich. I heard of him in New York. And Page, our little, solemn Minerva of Dresden china?"

"Oh, yes, Page is well, but you will hardly recognize her; such a young lady nowadays."

"And Mr. Court, 'Landry'? I remember he always impressed me as though he had just had his hair cut; and the Cresslers, and Mrs. Wessels, and——"

"All well. Mrs. Cressler will be delighted to hear you are back. Yes, everybody is well."

"And, last of all, Mrs. Jadwin? But I needn't ask; I can see how well and happy you are."

"And Mr. Corthell," she queried, "is also well and happy?"

"Mr. Corthell," he responded, "is very well, and—tolerably happy, thank you. One has lost a few illusions, but has managed to keep enough to grow old on."

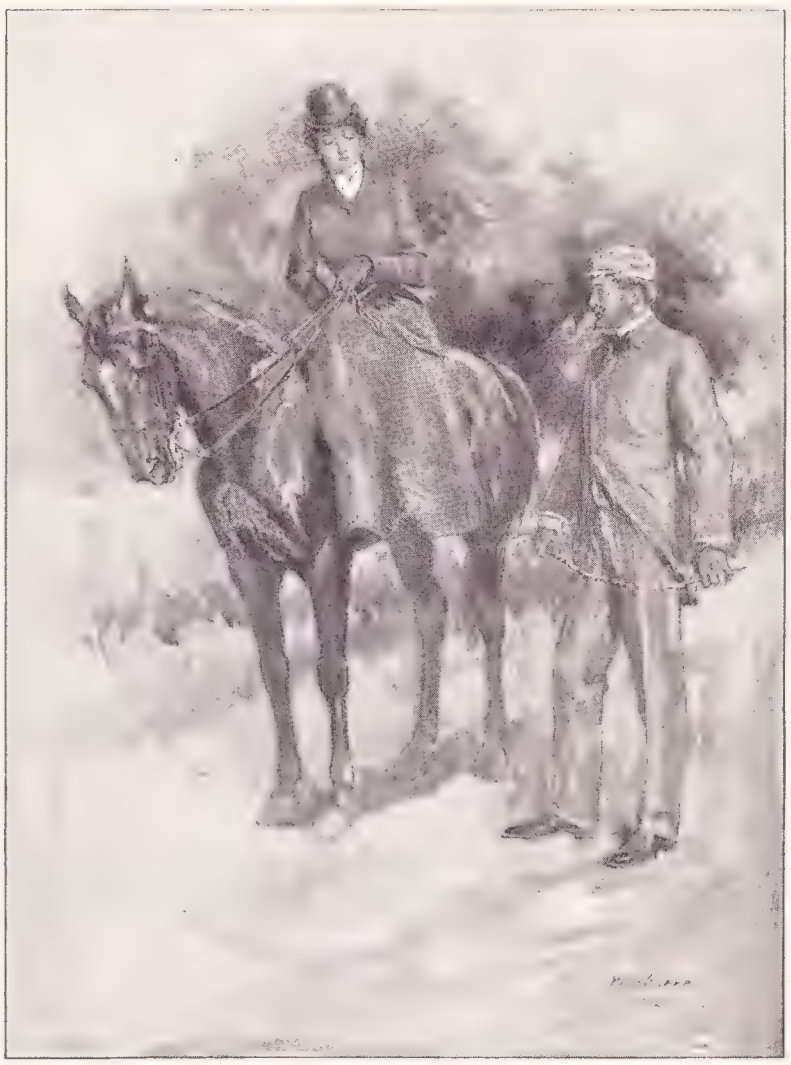
"I shouldn't imagine," she told him, "that one lost illusions in Tuscan gardens and marble porticoes."

"Quite right," he hastened to reply, smiling cheerfully. "One lost no illusions in Tuscany. One went there to cherish the few that yet remained. But," he added, without change of manner, "one begins to believe that even a lost illusion can be very beautiful sometimes—even in Chicago."

"I want you to dine with us," said Laura. "You've hardly met my husband, and I think you will like some of our pictures. I will have all your old friends there, the Cresslers and Aunt Wess' and all. When can you come?"

"Oh, didn't you get my note?" he asked. "I wrote you yesterday, asking if I might call to-night. You see, I am only in Chicago for a couple of days. I must go on to St. Louis to-morrow, and shall not be back for a week."

"Note? No, I've had no note from you. Oh, I know what happened. Curtis left in a hurry this morning, and he swooped all the mail into his pocket at the last moment. I knew some of my letters were with his. There's where your note went. But, never mind; it makes no difference now that we've met. Yes, by all means, come to-night—to dinner. We're not a bit formal. Curtis won't have it. We dine at six; and I'll try to get the others. Oh, but Page won't be there—I forgot. She and Landry Court are going to have dinner with Aunt Wess', and are all going to a lecture afterward."



—"ONE BEGINS TO BELIEVE THAT EVEN A LOST ILLUSION CAN BE VERY BEAUTIFUL SOMETIMES—EVEN IN CHICAGO"

The artist expressed his thanks and accepted her invitation.

Laura cantered homeward in high spirits. She was very glad that Corthell had come back. She had always liked him. He not only talked well himself, but seemed to have the faculty of making her do the same. She remembered that in the old days, before she had met Jadwin, her mind and conversation, for undiscoverable reasons, had never been nimbler or more effective than when in the company of the artist.

Arrived at home, Laura, seated at her desk, and still in habit, lost no time in telephoning to Mrs. Cressler.

"What," this latter cried when she told her the news, "that Sheldon Corthell back again! Well, dear me, suz, if he wasn't the last person in my mind. I do remember the lovely windows he used to paint, and how refined and elegant he always was—and the loveliest hands and voice."

"He's to dine with us to-night, and I want you and Mr. Cressler to come."

"Oh, Laura, child, I just simply can't. Charlie's got a man from Milwaukee coming here to-night, and I've got to feed him. Isn't it too provoking? I've got to sit and listen to those two clattering commissions and percentages and all, when I might be hearing Sheldon Corthell talk art and poetry and stained glass. I declare, I never have any luck."

At quarter to six that evening Laura sat in the library, before the fireplace, in her black velvet dinner gown, cutting the pages of a new novel, the ivory cutter as it turned and glanced in her hand appearing to be a mere prolongation of her slender fingers. But she was not interested in the book, and from time to time glanced nervously at the clock upon the mantel-shelf over her head. Jadwin was not home yet, and she was distressed at the thought of keeping dinner waiting. He usually came back from downtown at five o'clock, and even earlier. To-day she had expected that quite possibly the business implied in the Liverpool cable of the morning might detain him, but surely he should be home by now; and as the minutes passed she listened more and more anxiously for the sound of hoofs on the driveway at the side of the house.

At five minutes of the hour, when Corthell was announced, there was still no sign of her husband. But as she was crossing the hall on her way to the drawing-room, one of the servants informed her that Mr. Jadwin had just telephoned that he would be home in half an hour.

"Is he on the telephone now?" she asked quickly. "Where did he telephone from?"

But it appeared that Jadwin had "hung up" without mentioning his whereabouts.

"The buggy came home," said the servant. "Mr. Jadwin told Jarvis not to wait. He said he would come in the street cars."

Laura reflected that she could delay dinner a half-hour, and gave orders to that effect.

"We shall have to wait a little," she explained to Corthell as they exchanged greetings in the drawing-room. "Curtis has some special business on hand to-day, and is half an hour late."

They sat down on either side of the fireplace in the lofty apartment, with its sombre hangings of wine-colored brocade and thick, muffling rugs, and for upward of three-quarters of an hour Corthell interested her with his description of his life in Northern Italy. At the end of that time dinner was announced.

"Has Mr. Jadwin come in yet?" Laura asked of the servant.

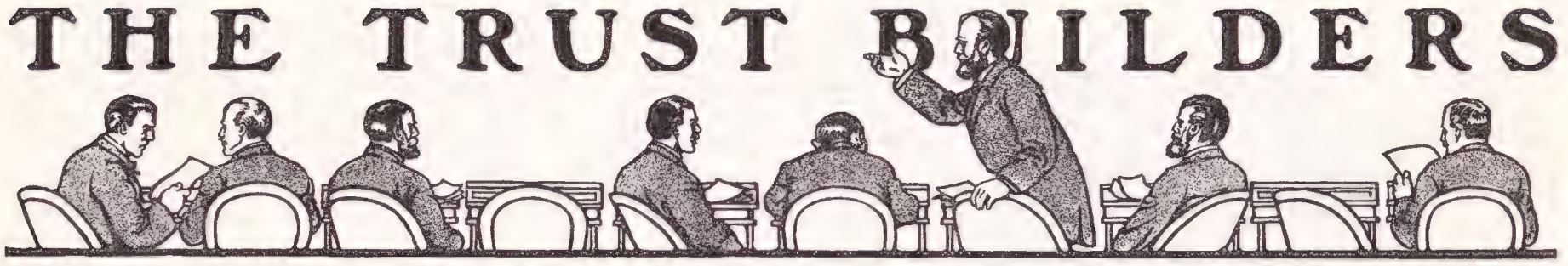
"No, madam."

She bit her lip in vexation.

"I can't imagine what can keep Curtis so late," she murmured. "Well," she added, at the end of her resources, "we must make the best of it. I think we will go in, Mr. Corthell, without waiting. Curtis must be here soon now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE TRUST BUILDERS



By PAUL LATZKE

A REVIEW OF THE PERSONALITIES WHO HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED MODERN BUSINESS AND MADE POSSIBLE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY

THE dean of the corporation lawyers is Samuel Calvin Tait Dodd, general counsel of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Dodd differs from most of the corporation lawyers in that he has not piled up the enormous wealth that has come to the others. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that he was first in the field, that he organized and has been continuously intrusted with the legal direction of of the trust that, despite all rivals, still ranks as probably the greatest in the world, and that he has had for his client for nearly a quarter of a century the richest man on earth, John D. Rockefeller. It is not that Mr. Dodd is a poor man. He himself has said that he is "neither rich nor poor," though as wealth is accounted to-day he can be said to be only well-to-do. The reason for this is that Mr. Dodd belongs to the old school of lawyers. Though he was the one to organize the first great trust, he contented himself with looking after the legal details, leaving the business end and management entirely to his clients. To his friends he has stated the belief that lawyers charge too much entirely for their services nowadays. This is one heresy. Another is that he believes the trust business has been considerably overdone, and frankly says so.

"When we see companies," he says, "springing up like mushrooms, turning out inflated stock issues that are held out as bait to ignorant investors, it is time that some sort of action be taken to regulate the business."

The Standard Oil's Legal Expert

Mr. Dodd has been frequently alluded to as the "head devil" of the trusts, an appellation that has caused his friends some amusement, for anything less like a devil, "head" or otherwise, than he is would be hard to imagine. He is the embodiment of benign good-nature, full of human kindliness. Despite his comparatively moderate fortune, he gives largely, though quietly, to charity, and he is a devout member of the Presbyterian Church. His office is on the fifteenth floor of the Standard Oil Building, No. 26 Broadway. Like himself, it is rather old-fashioned. His private office is a large room which he shares with his secretary. His desk could probably be duplicated for forty or fifty dollars, and if sold at second-hand would not fetch more than one-third of that sum. Everything about the office has the air of use and long service. Of late years Mr. Dodd has not enjoyed good health, but he has kept at his work nevertheless, being content with occasional vacations. He came to New York as general solicitor for the Standard Oil Company in 1881, and has never since engaged in general outside practice. But in an advisory capacity he has assisted in the formation of nearly every one of the later trusts. All his life he has been connected with oil production. He was born in Western Pennsylvania sixty-six years ago, and began the practice of law at Franklin in the year that petroleum was discovered, 1859. The rush that came a few years later caused some of the lawyers in that section of Pennsylvania to devote themselves to land practice and land litigation. Mr. Dodd looked further ahead. He saw that with a larger development must come the organization of corporations, and he therefore devoted himself principally to corporation and equity law. It was not long before he was considered an expert in this branch, and it was in this way that he came into the service of Standard Oil. The incident that led finally to his selection as general solicitor occurred in the latter part of the seventies. The directors of the Standard Oil Company, and the directors of the Pennsylvania and other railroads, were arrested by the Pennsylvania State authorities on the criminal charge of conspiracy, growing out of certain freight rebate arrangements. The case looked pretty black until Mr. Dodd, who was called in consultation, discovered an old statute under which it was possible to take the case out of the jurisdiction of the local courts and carry it directly into the supreme court of the State. The county authorities who had the prosecution in charge thereupon abandoned the case, and a compromise was effected.

William D. Guthrie is generally alluded to in Wall Street as "the greatest corporation lawyer of them all." His firm, Guthrie, Cravath & Henderson, have organized, or have been associated in the organization of, the recent shipping combination, the harvester combination, the American Steel Company, the Northern Securities and a dozen others of the great trusts. Notwithstanding this, however, Mr. Guthrie refuses to regard himself as a corporation lawyer. He has no taste for the business details involved in these organizations, and has simply participated in the new style of trust practice because it has been fairly forced upon him. He is a rich man, but compared with Mr. Stetson and Mr. Cromwell his fortune is modest. Mr. Guthrie's particular love is constitutional law, and though still a young man—only forty-three—he is regarded to-day as probably one of the greatest constitutional lawyers we have ever had. He is the story-book sort of lawyer. He entered the firm of which he is now head at sixteen as office boy. It was then Blatchford, Seward, Griswold & Da Costa. He studied stenography at night and made such excellent progress that he was advanced to a clerkship. Then he went in strongly for the law. He saved his money, so that when he was nineteen he could afford to take a year off. He entered the Columbia Law School, and carried the junior and senior classes together. After he had finished he went back into the office and was admitted to the bar in 1880. He was then twenty-one. At twenty-four he became a partner, and when he was twenty-six the firm was reorganized, becoming Seward, Da Costa & Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie is essentially a fighter. He would sooner fight a good case in court or untangle a knotty constitutional question than organize a dozen corporations, even though there might not be a cent in the first two propositions and half a million in the other. Not long ago a man was arrested for carrying a lottery ticket from Kentucky into Louisiana. Mr. Guthrie doesn't believe in lotteries, but he did believe that the Federal Government exceeded its constitutional powers, and he is fighting that case now. A ward heeler was arrested for election frauds. Mr. Guthrie is a Republican and a purist in politics. The law under which the man was arrested was passed by a Republican legislature and enforced by a Republican supervisor of elections. Mr. Guthrie, however, concluded that the law was unconstitutional and he is fighting the heeler's battle to-day, though he declines to regard the gentleman from the East Side as his client. It was he that fought the income-tax cases. On that occasion he had behind him practically the entire wealth of Wall Street and he got an enormously large fee. He won his case, but he fought it no more heartily than he has fought others where there was no fee.

When the famous "Power Case" was brought to restrain the Northern Securities merger Mr. Guthrie was retained by the Morgan-Hill interests, and the way he put the Power element to flight has become history. Nor are his fighting qualities reserved for the court-room alone. Not long ago a Brooklyn newspaper sent a photographer to his country home at Locust Hill, Long Island, where Mr. Guthrie had laid out an elaborate Italian garden. The photographer got a series of fine pictures. But before they could be published Mr. Guthrie heard that the photographs had been taken, and straightway he wrote a letter to the Brooklyn editor, vowing all sorts of trouble if the pictures were published. The result was that the negatives were turned over to him. Afterward, when his "constitutional rights" had been conceded, he gave permission for an article. Mr. Guthrie is a very handsome man, an eloquent orator, a charming host, and an unwavering friend. He works very hard and rarely takes a vacation.

The Pioneers of Industrial Promotion

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed's firm, Reed, Simpson, Thacher & Barnum, has probably done as much work in the organization of trusts as any other in the Wall Street district with the exception of Stetson, Jennings & Russell. John W. Simpson is the trust specialist in the firm and looks after all the organization work. It was he who organized the National Steel, the Republic Steel and Iron, the American Locomotive and a score of others. The firm occupies a large suite of offices on the fifteenth floor of the Broad-Exchange Building, at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place.

Mr. Simpson is a graduate of the firm of Alexander & Green, who have been corporation lawyers for more than a quarter of a century. He came to New York in 1871 from Amherst, New York, but by birth he is a Vermonter, from the town of Craftsbury, where he was born in 1850. He has a face that is almost classical. His features are sharp and clean-cut, his forehead high, his nose large. He has never worn either beard or mustache, and his photographs would readily be mistaken for those of an actor of the Lawrence Barrett type. His energy is something marvelous. He has broken down three or four times because he refused to rest, and only last summer he was compelled to go to Europe for a long vacation or else face the possibility of going to pieces. But, though his physical health has been somewhat impaired, his mental strength is as great as ever, and he ranks as one of the most far-sighted among the trust organizers.

The firm which gave Mr. Simpson his legal birth—Alexander & Green—is at present presided over by Colonel John J. McCook. The firm has large offices in the Equitable Building, and is ranked to-day, as it has been in the past, as one of the most important of all the concerns that have to do with corporation affairs. Colonel McCook was a close personal friend of President McKinley. He was a Captain in Mr. McKinley's battalion and served with him practically throughout the war. His brother, George W. McCook, was the law partner of Edwin M. Stanton, and naturally this gave the young Colonel very influential connections. But Mr. McCook would certainly have won his way anyhow, as he demonstrated soon after he got into practice. He had been in the great New York firm less than ten years when he practically dominated its affairs. When the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road got into trouble, years ago, Colonel McCook was appointed as receiver, and thanks to his genius for organization and direction he had its affairs straightened out in a comparatively short time. Mr. McCook has served as counsel in most of the big business combinations that have come into being in late years. He is ranked particularly high as an adviser in financial matters. In politics he has been as successful as he has in business and law, holding a high place in the councils of the Republican party in New York State. He is a natural orator and has a magnetic personality.

In personal appearance Colonel McCook would be ranked anywhere as a handsome man. He has large, gray, deep-set eyes, a strong mouth, a chin and jaws that denote great firmness. His voice is rich and sympathetic. He is a ready speaker and gives the impression of being an impulsive man.

The Father of the Jersey Corporations

To the general public there is probably no man better known as a trust organizer than James B. Dill. He has had to do with at least fifty per cent. of the great corporations that have come into being since the trust idea first took hold. The cracker trust, the tin-plate trust and an almost endless list of others were brought to Mr. Dill for expert advice, because of his thorough knowledge of the New Jersey laws under which most of the big enterprises have been organized. Mr. Dill is a short, rather stout, bustling sort of a man, full of energy and possessed of great shrewdness. He has built up a very substantial fortune and ranks as one of the rich men among the trust lawyers. He was among the first to see the possibilities that lay in trust practice, and when still a young man devoted himself to this special branch. His home has always been in New Jersey, and it was due largely to his efforts that the State was induced to pass the corporation laws that have brought it such a rich harvest in taxes. Mr. Dill first tried the New York authorities, but met with little encouragement. He then turned his attention to Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, who at first listened rather skeptically, but was finally convinced that it might be a good thing for the State for such laws as Mr. Dill suggested to be passed. As a direct result, the famous Jersey statutes under which United States Steel and all the other industrial giants have come into being were passed by the Jersey legislature. Mr. Dill started out in the world without a dollar. He managed to work his way through college at Yale. After graduating he tried New York City, but almost starved to death. When things were at the blackest, he remembered a classmate, Z. K. Pangborn, whose father owned the Jersey City Evening Journal. With practically the last penny he had in the world, Dill paid his way across the ferry, and hunted up the younger Pangborn.

"I've got to have a job," he said, "and I wish you would use your influence with your father to give me a chance."

Editor's Note—This is the second and last paper on this subject. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 15.

"All right, I'll see what the old man will do for you."

Within an hour Dill was told he could have his coveted job, providing he didn't mind risking his skin.

"The old man," reported young Mr. Pangborn, "will give you a chance if you will go out in the Molly Maguire country as special correspondent."

The opportunity had been offered to practically everybody on the paper, but there had been no takers. The Molly Maguires were at that time terrorizing the hard-coal regions. Murders were of daily occurrence and other deeds of violence filled the newspapers everywhere. Dill made up his mind that he would just about as soon be murdered as starved to death, and took the assignment. The train on which he went out was derailed by the Molly Maguires at White Haven, Pennsylvania, and seventeen people were killed. Fortunately Mr. Dill was not among the number. He escaped without a scratch, walked twenty miles down the track to the nearest telegraph office, sent an exclusive story that made a sensation everywhere, and made his entry into journalism with flying colors. Afterward he served the New York Tribune until he had saved enough money to warrant his starting out as a practicing attorney. Mr. Dill's office is at 27 Pine Street, in the same building with the New York office of James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway. The firm, Dill & Baldwin, occupies two floors. They employ fifty-one people, among whom are a number of specialists who receive salaries of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mr. Dill's home is at Orange, New Jersey, where he has one of the most beautiful places in the countryside. In summer he generally goes to the Maine woods.

These seven men practically include all the prominent New York lawyers that have had to do with important trust organization. The list, however, would not be complete without John W. Gates' legal adviser, Max Pam. Mr. Pam ranks himself as a Chicagoan, but for several years past now he has spent most of his time in New York, having his office with the American Steel and Wire Company on the twentieth floor of the Empire Building, which is the home of the Steel Trust. Mr. Pam is a short, active, nervous man, with a thick, closely cropped beard, sharp, small, twinkling eyes, and a manner that suggests a collection of coiled steel springs. He is all motion and activity. It was he who was the chief figure in the organization of the American Steel and Wire Company, and he has had charge of the harvester combination and all the others out of which Mr. Gates has built his large fortune. What proportion of the wealth that has resulted from these combinations has found its way into Mr. Pam's pockets no one knows. It is generally believed, however, that Mr. Pam has made millions of dollars, and in Wall Street he is known as the man who has carefully laid out all the twists executed with such brilliant effect by Mr. Gates.

The Witchery of Wealth

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

WHAT is the charm of wealth, the fascinations of which, in spite of all the opinions of philosophers and the warnings of moralists, seem to increase from age to age? Were ever great riches more passionately desired or sought at greater sacrifices than to-day? Yet we find the rich man, the plutocrat—even the multi-millionaire—often frugal in his personal habits, plain in dress, indifferent to luxury, devoid of ostentation, temperate in all his pleasures, and yet even in old age still ardent in the chase for riches.

As regards any solid use to the owner, except to increase his means of giving to meritorious persons and objects a large fortune, it is, as the world's experience has shown, needless. "The rest," as Lord Bacon observes, "is but conceit. The personal fruition in any man *cannot reach to feel great riches.*"

To a careless observer the circle of enjoyments appears to be enlarged; but, in reality, it is only changed, and the extraordinary gratification ceases with novelty. It is utterly impossible that a man should at one and the same time feel ardent admiration of splendor and familiarity with it—the panting desire for an object and the satisfied sense of enjoyment.

We are aware that Doctor Johnson, who believed that a man is seldom more usefully employed than in money making, took a different view from this He argued that wealth would buy respect, and respect pleasure. "If six hundred pounds a year," he said, "procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness, than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried." Experience does not confirm this theory. The consequence of the rich does not steadily increase with the increase of wealth, but quickly finds a limit; and, moreover, the kind of consequence which money buys is not such as to confer substantial satisfaction.

Montesquieu says that in his own experience he had found that most people slaved to make a large fortune only to be in despair when they had made it, because they were not high-born.

What, then—to come back to our starting-point—is the charm of wealth? What is the secret of its witchery? It is not, we believe, the ability which it imparts to its owner to possess himself of "the good things" which men covet. Beginning often with this motive, or with the desire for an independence, the born plutocrat soon forgets the end, and strives only for the means. The habit of acquisition once rooted in his soul, he enjoys the pursuit of wealth as a fox-hunter does the chase, not mainly for the game, but for the excitement he finds in it, for the triumphs which it enables him to score, and because it gratifies a strong natural instinct. The genius for accumulation, which may be as marked in him as that in Raphael for painting, in Mozart for musical composition, or that in Watt for the invention of a steam engine, grows by what it feeds on; and it is because he is urged on by an irresistible instinct that he never rests from his pursuit, but, when he has converted his thousands of dollars into hundreds of thousands, keeps on till he has rolled up his hundreds of thousands to millions.

Again, let it be remembered that money is power to-day, as it never was before in the world's history; and in old age the secret sense of it in one's self, and the homage it wins from others, are doubly sweet when one feels that all his other powers and the respect they have won for him are gradually failing. "Nor is it any trifling advantage, in extreme old age," says an excellent writer, "still to have a pursuit that gives an interest to existence; still to propose to ourselves an object of which every passing day advances the accomplishment, and which holds out to us the pleasure of success with hardly the possibility of failure."

· THAT OLD THANKSGIVING DAY ·

By Holman F. Day

A TURKEY on the platter and the kettle at the croon
(Oh, home's a happy haven, be it humble as it may!)
There was ware of dented pewter and a rude horn spoon,
But your hand and lip upon them made them golden gear that day.
Made them precious gold, my dear, in that long-gone, happy year,
That golden year of loving-time when heart's coin rang so clear;
And we sat there at the board o'er the fragrant cellars stored
With the spiciest spoil of field and tree the harvest-time could hoard.
Plain times, old times, honest times and true,
I whispered that I loved you ere the happy meal was through;
I whispered that I loved you, and you—you did not say,
But your eyes flashed back a message on that old Thanksgiving Day.
And I shyly touched your fingers as I held the wish-bone there,
My heart stood still with wonder that such callow youth could dare—
I gently touched your fingers and I asked imploringly,
"Oh, my Rox-
anny Runnells,
Won't ye wish with me?"

And the rest of them sang an old-time song
As we blushingly stretched the bone;
The big part went to you, dear one,
And I held the sliver alone.
"Though you wish for health and wish for wealth,
And wish for honor and fame,
Wish most for a heart, as the bone does part,
That will love you forever the same."

A lantern by the haymow and a fiddle at the chin
(Oh, a barn's a blooming bower when your sweetheart's there!)
The threshing-floor was ready for the dancers to begin,
And I saw you there, my dear one, so rosy and so fair.
So rosy, oh, my own, the granary bin your throne,
Your eyes were shining diamond-bright as when we snapped the bone;
And I wondered if you knew how my soul was bowed to you,
My thoughts like captured butterflies, by Love's darts stricken through.
Dear times, old times, days of earnest youth,
I vowed you love with lingering gaze, and you—you knew the truth;
I vowed you love with misty eyes, and your eyes seemed to say,
"I love you!" and I thanked dear Fate on that old Thanksgiving Day.
Then I went and touched your fingers and I whispered in your ear—

My heart grew bold and bolder as you smiled at me, my dear;
I gently clasped your fingers and I asked imploringly,
"Oh, my Rox-
anny Runnells,
Won't ye dance with me?"

Your head upon my shoulder and your ringlets at my face
(Oh, the heart's a glowing temple when Love kneels there!)
My beautiful, my slender one, with coy, rustic grace
You shrank and yet you yielded as I smoothed your glossy hair.
As I smoothed your glossy hair, I felt that I might dare
To press my lips upon the brow so softly shaded there;
And when you raised your eyes in sudden, grave surprise,
I kissed your lips and knew the love that Time and Death defies.
Blest times, old times, times of pledge and vow,
Vow that has bloomed through all the years to the dear ripe fruit of Now;
Vow that has spanned the days since Then to the days when both are gray,
When we mistily gaze adown the years to that old Thanksgiving Day.
Then I reached and took your fingers, there in the quiet dusk,
Your heart beat fast and faster beneath your quaint, carved busk;
I clasped your yielding fingers and I begged imploringly,
"Oh, my Rox-
anny Runnells,
Won't ye wed with me?"

A lifetime, dear, together, and an honest love and true
(Oh, home's a happy haven when there's faith and trust in vows!)
There has been some wintry weather that we're safely past and through,
And the only sign to mark it is the frost above our brows.
But that frost can never chill, and the old love blossoms still,
A rose above the snow-drifts on Life's steep, rugged hill;
Draw hither, dear, your chair by the hearth-fire's ruddy flare,
Hand in hand we'll watch the pictures of the Past come tossing there.
Old times, blest times, love them, dear, we must,
But newer times are blooming in the fertile loam of trust,
And newer times are gracious when love does not decay;
Thank God we live to thank Him on this new Thanksgiving Day.
And I clasp your wrinkled fingers—I lead you toward the tomb,
We'll court its blest serenity, we do not fear its gloom;
I clasp your dear old fingers and I ask, when Death may be,
"Oh, my Rox-
anny Runnells,
Won't ye rest with me?"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

¶He who expects much gets much — that he didn't expect.

¶Men waiting for work seldom see the work that waits for men.

¶It does not remove any of the tentacles of an octopus to call it a "merger."

¶This year Santa Claus will need a soft-coal antiseptic when he faces the chimney proposition.

¶A homœopathic congress declared against kissing. Perhaps kissing is dangerous — in homœopathic doses. Now, if the allopaths — but what have doctors to do with love?

Frank Norris

FRANK NORRIS is gone, and his death would seem to have caused scanty public notice; but besides those who mourn him personally there must be many who lament this grievous loss to our literature. If American letters could wear black, they should do so now for a while.

We have suffered many bereavements of late: Stephen Crane, Frank Stockton, Bret Harte, added to the silence already caused by Henry Bunner and Eugene Field. It seemed as if our share was a little more than full — and now here is Frank Norris cut off at thirty-two, with six finished books upon his shelf, and a wide, a hopeful space waiting for those which should have followed.

Some one will doubtless adequately criticise and honor him; there are some who can, even though it often seems uncertain whether American criticism be in its first or second childhood. But here let it be sufficient to remember that Frank Norris wrote Moran of the Lady Letty, Blix, A Man's Woman, MacTeague, The Octopus, and The Pit. Through all of these stories run the sure signs of a strong and original talent; a power of observation which is second best, and a power of poetic imagination which is best. To say that some of the books are not equal to his others is scarcely a valuable or descriptive remark, since it applies to every writer who has written more than three books: The Uncommercial Traveller is not so good as David Copperfield, and Pendennis is inferior to Vanity Fair. Whatever may be said in praise of any of the books by Frank Norris (and there is much to be said), MacTeague and The Octopus are very remarkable works, indeed. The study of avarice awakened by winning a lottery prize, and developed to the tragic end, would in itself mark out MacTeague as a work of great distinction; and the character of Annixter in The Octopus would do the same for that in some respects greater story. Frank Norris could deal firmly and strikingly with human nature, and could see clearly some of the greatest underlying forces of human life. And (I am sure) he was on the way to shaking free from some of the theories and tendencies that now and again marred the expression of his noble gift. Yes, indeed! American letters should wear black for him; in our generation he had no peer. —OWEN WISTER.

Wanted: A Man's Room

THERE are in the United States more than a million men who study and write in their homes. Their number has been vastly increased by the astonishing rise of the correspondence school, by the wonderful growth of the Chautauqua movements, by the multiplication of reading circles and literary organizations, by the widening opportunities for profitable writing and by the intensified interest in all public questions. The average man of this generation is a student, and there never was so much serious and earnest thought as there is to-day.

These men build homes. The very tendencies that make them book-lovers make them home-lovers. A respectable number can build without much regard for expense, can erect mansions in which a quiet and secluded room is easily possible. But the great majority of them are in moderate circumstances and a house that costs over five thousand dollars is beyond their reach. Some may say that if they want to read or to write they will rise above their environments. Lincoln lying on the floor before the open fire and forgetting everything but the printed words; the learned blacksmith working and reading at the same forge; the scholarly shoemaker mending and learning, and all the other cases of application and time-saving might be cited. But they belong to the past. The man of to-day needs and deserves comfort — and quiet.

Now, it is most extraordinary that in the thousands and thousands of plans for new houses published in architectural journals and in family magazines there is an obliviousness of man that is really pathetic. He has facilities to eat, to sleep, to bathe, to hang pictures, to shovel coal, to build fires and to entertain company, but if he wants to settle down for an evening of study or to do a piece of writing that necessitates close application and uninterrupted thought, what becomes of him? Where is he to go? In ninety-nine one-hundredths of moderate-priced houses the library is a grim and grinning sarcasm. It is the storm centre of the home, and its infrequent calms generally happen when the man is away. The president of one of the leading universities some time ago arranged a model library, so that he could do more of his work at home. Some months later a friend asked him how it worked. "Beautifully," was his reply. "It's the most popular room in the house — nursery, storeroom, sewing-room, smoking-room, every old kind of a room. They haven't eaten up there yet, but the restaurant and kitchen extensions will come later." "Where do you do your work?" "In the faculty office, just as before."

Of course this is another phase of a vexed question, but it does not absolve the architects. Judging from their plans most of them must be men who like to go out at night. Or they may be pessimists who look upon all husbands as failures. They riot in women's rooms, children's rooms and servants' rooms, but they seldom give a thought to the man. It would be a safe venture to say that not one house in a hundred contains a serious proposition for the man who wants to study and write. All pretend they have, but, as a matter of fact, they haven't. The library downstairs is a courtesy title for a sitting-room. The study upstairs is an emergency bed room without a lock. All this is man's fault, of course. He has not asserted his rights. Being an animal that does not like to do what is best for himself he has vacillated and procrastinated. But the reform must come, and the architect who provides a safe, quiet and well-protected room for the man will deserve well of his fellow-beings. There is, too, an important moral bearing in this matter. The satisfying of the man means more happiness for the whole family, fewer domestic differences and longer lives. From every viewpoint, therefore, it is wise to provide a sequestered and upholstered den for that indispensable creature whom Mrs. Elisabeth in the book about her German Garden called The Man of Wrath.

The School for Hustlers

WE HAVE no peerage in this country, but there are men who dominate it just now as the nobles did France before the days of the Jacquerie. We call them, fondly, "Hustlers." We applaud them; we brag of them; we urge our boys to imitate them.

Let us stop to take breath in our shouting. Is that really the highest type of man? What will happen if all Americans become hustlers?

The hustler begins his victories in school. "That boy, Tom," his proud father says, "has jumped a class, as usual. He works in vacation. When he graduates he will have crammed two years of the course into one. His mind, one might say, is equipped with seven-leagued boots."

The curriculum at most American schools is planned to help Tom in his career of cramming. The textbooks are mere digests of every science and branch of knowledge, which he commits to memory.

His brother Bob, who cannot remember a word which he does not understand, has been two years in the second class. He is a stout, low-voiced, gentle boy, and as he is honorable and kind, with no self-consciousness, he has the finest of good breeding. Bob has an enormous following of friends. He will develop into a quiet citizen who cares nothing for wealth or notoriety: he will do his daily stent of work faithfully, and when it is done, forget it, and turn to some wholesome hobby. He will bequeath a sound body and sane mind to his children, but very little money.

But, in or out of school, this dull, slow-going Bob is now at an enormous disadvantage in this country. The chances, the applause, are all for Tom. As a boy, he is chairman of the school clubs, he edits the magazine, he manages the games, the debates, the balls, though the other boys do the work. He is a lean, sharp-faced lad with a twitch of chorea in his upper lip. "My motto," he tells everybody, "is—get there!"

The boys know well that he does not care what he tramples down on his way there.

Out of school we find him in every trade and business—working, pushing, speculating. He means to be a Morgan. No lower success contents him. He is the leader in his town whether that be a hamlet or New York. He usually dies, worn out, under sixty.

Now, why has the country lately taken this human steam engine as its one type of a great man? His quiet, reasonable brother is thrust out of sight with contempt.

It is as if a mother should elect to feed her family on brandy snaps and mustard, leaving homely sweet bread wholly out of the bill-of-fare.

It is the fault of the Bobs, after all. They are enormously in the majority. Why are they dumb? Why do they not remind the straining, maddened crowd that after all "push" is not the first of cardinal virtues: that leisure and calm and honorable, happy days really count for more in a man's assets than his name blazoned in the papers, or automobiles, or millions in bank? Bob is the oldest son and heir to the best things in life. Let him claim his place and take it.

A Sermon for Stockholders

A GREAT railway corporation has just issued to its stockholders and the public its regular annual report — what professes to be a minute account of the stewardship of its executive officers. It is a beautifully printed book, on the finest paper, voluminous, filled with impressive arrays of figures, carefully itemized tabulations, painstaking explanations of where this thousand dollars came from and why that thousand dollars was paid out. At first glance you are impressed by the air of frankness on the part of the directors, of eagerness to convince their employers, the stockholders, and the public that the business has been wisely and honestly conducted, from the figures to the left of the decimal point to those figures to the right of it.

But in your desire to find more to admire you pass from generals to particulars. You find several principal tables of expenditure. And under one or the other of the four you find every conceivable matter for which a railway company could or would legitimately spend money — roadway and bridges and rails and ties and buildings, rolling stock and wharves and boats, salaries and wages and fuel and rentals, law and printing and advertising and damage claims, and so on through the whole railway list of necessities and luxuries. You find that the executives have itemized everything down to new small tools and cotton waste for cleaning locomotives.

And then you are astonished to find in each of the tabulations an item called "Other Expenses" which mounts up to nearly a million dollars.

Your admiration for the report, your belief that it is really frank, instantly vanishes. What, you wonder, did the executives of the road do with this large sum which they pass over so swiftly and jauntily and which they did not spend for any purpose that could be classified as legitimate?

But there will be no inquiry from stockholders. There will be no suspicion that "Other Expenses" is a cover for careless management or for theft. Most of the stockholders will not read this report — they are merely, to use Mr. Rockefeller's expressive phrase, "clamorers for dividends." Those who do note "Other Expenses" will divide into two parties. One party contains those who shift the eyes hurriedly when they see such items staring at them and pass nervously on, slamming the door upon conscience, who for some reason threatens to issue from his dozeful bedroom and to say something disagreeable. The other party contains those who note such items and frown or cynically grin as they say, "How the politicians did soak it to us last year! I thought we must be paying well for those scandalous licenses and immunities."

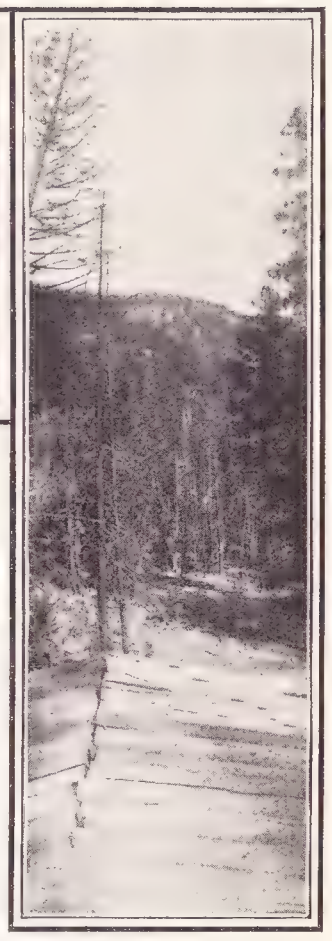
This particular corporation is no better and, considering its temptations, no worse than scores of others of the Colossus family. It is no more entangled in politics than they are; it is no more addicted to "fixing" legislators, aldermen, prosecutors; it is no more beset by and involved with bosses, lobbyists and campaign committees. The annual report, therefore, is typical. It preaches a powerful sermon to the whole American people from the text "Other Expenses"—a sermon of solemn irony against that "substitute conscience" which corporate officials and stockholders employ to relieve their personal selves of the odium and sin of their corporate acts; a sermon of solemn warning against the mightiest engine ever constructed for destroying the liberties of a people, the character of its public officials, the justice of its laws and the purity of its moral standards, public and private.

That engine is secret corporate corruption.

A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain

LUCAS LEDGE—ALL OVER ONE HUNDRED FEET WIDE

THE STEEP HILLS OF IDAHO



BLACK-PINE TIMBER—NOT LARGE ENOUGH FOR LUMBER

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

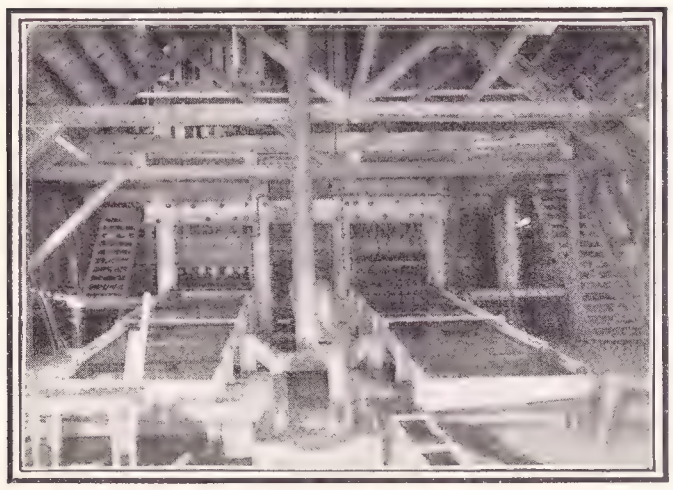
THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW—Concluded

THE miners of Thunder Mountain this year are picked men. The mere fact of their presence there argues that they are men of grit and perseverance and industry. Although the newspapers that reach Thunder Mountain are from four to ten days old, they are read like old-fashioned Bibles, line upon line, precept upon precept. These miners are up to the times. They can tell you the latest funny thing from Mr. Dooley and what George Ade said of the fellows and the girl. A miner's pay is two dollars and a half for eight hours' work, and board and keep. And the board is good. Considering that freight into Thunder Mountain adds about eighty per cent. to the first cost of any article, the fare of the miners in the new gold-field is remarkably good. We ate breakfast at the Fairview mine with the miners and had beefsteak—a "T" bone each, broiled—potatoes, evaporated fruit, hot biscuit, bacon, pancakes and oatmeal or mush of some sort. For dinner at the Dewey mine the cook served soup, rare roast beef, potatoes, rutabagas, peas, hot bread, pie and tapioca pudding. Of course, tea and coffee are served at all meals. The men cannot complain that the operators are making money on the mess table, for flour brings twenty dollars a hundred in Roosevelt, meat thirteen cents on the hoof, and butter a dollar a pound. At a restaurant any sort of a meal costs fifty cents and a good rib-spreader costs a dollar or a dollar and a half. The miners are housed in warm log cabins and their bunks are just as clean as their occupants care to keep them. But there is one odd thing about the population of Thunder Mountain: there is not a fat man in the district. Climbing up and down the hills takes the adipose off a man better than any "treatment" or system in the world. The men are bronzed and lean, and many of them are bewhiskered. The barber of Roosevelt starved out with the price of a shave at fifty cents and a haircut seventy-five. When man leaves his mate he reverts rapidly to the simian. There is but one laundress in the town and she is not overworked. When one stops to think that one woman does the washing for two hundred and fifty men it gives him an idea of the situation. Two years of that kind of life and men will pin on fox tails and run wild!

This also is a strange thing about the men of Thunder Mountain: the urban type and not the rural type prevails. It raises the question whether or not the type of the efficient American citizen is changing, whether or not the daily newspaper, the rural free-delivery system, the suburban street-car system, and the suburban telephone have not removed many of the differences that mark the two American types. If there are farmers here or if there are city men here, they merge into the common mountain type which is distinctive and peculiar. Into this type has come a shade of the melodramatic. Perhaps it is the influence of their hill clothes, or perhaps it is the absence of women, but something makes the mountain men more direct of speech and gives them an unconscious recklessness of thought and action. The scenery of the mountains seems to be a stage setting for melodrama, and any mining camp, the Wisdom outfit, the Sunnyside or the Dewey, would make an excellent scene for one of Joaquin Miller's old-fashioned plays. Across the foreground runs the mountain stream. R. U. E. is the bunk-house; L. U. E. is the mess cabin. Between are the stumps on which men sit or beside which they stand, with one foot on the stump, gesticulating with one hand, and resting the other on the crooked knee. In the background is the hill, with the pack-train zigzagging down it, and far up the hill is the white dump where the mine gophers have kicked out the earth behind them. Men in laced boots and flannel shirts and slouch hats come and go across the stage, and the Chinese cook flits through the scene like a frightened jaybird, making the comedy. The mine foreman, handsome, well-dressed, in corduroys and a hat with the gambler's three dents in it; the mine owner, nonchalant, suave, superior; and the lank, loose-jointed packer—maybe Mexican, maybe half-breed—made up for the villain of the piece, furnish a fine cast of characters for what the old-fashioned show-bill used to call "the full strength of the company"—except the women. Still, those who are there need no make-up.

The whole place seems charged with the atmosphere of the stage and the citizens talk in that conscious "character tone" that actors use on street cars and in public places. Yet nothing dramatic has occurred in Roosevelt nor on Thunder Mountain. The only surprising thing that ever happens to a man is to go up there and find some old friend, who left home a year before, running a "game" at one of the saloons. No great fortunes have been made suddenly. The plot is entirely lacking in the place to justify so much stage setting and such a cast of characters. Yet here the whole "business" is, and it is so raw and undisguised that one passing through and failing to become part of it all wonders whether it is natural and inevitable, or the unconscious reflection of "M'Liss" and "My Partner" upon the minds of mature men, who have seen these plays twenty years ago and have forgotten them. It may be the natural attitude of men in their crude stage. Has man the artist imitated Nature in the old mountain plays? or has man unconsciously gone to imitating art? It is a question for the psychologist, and it is immaterial how he answers it; for next year women will come into the camp and change the life there. Either they will inject plot into the play, or bring men back to normal living and break up the show.

To prove that Roosevelt is entirely in tune with the times it may be well to record that at the first political meeting held in the town the two candidates nominated were McNair and McMahon, and Johnnie Conyers of the Congress saloon was the boy who "done the trick." The spirit of liberty does not die in the true Irishman's breast no matter how his environment may change. And the difference between Thunder Mountain and the Borough of the Bronx is only skin-deep. The millionaire who comes whizzing down Fifth Avenue out of Thunder Mountain, next year, in his automobile, may be sitting on a candle-box at a hand-made table, at this minute, eating canned corn with a three-tined fork; but when he arrives in New York he will not have to be curried nor be fed condition powders to put him in the thoroughbred class. For Thunder Mountain differs from nearly every other gold-mining camp in this: the big strikes have all been made by experienced mining men. Cripple Creek, Colorado, to-day the great gold-mining camp in America, is typical of the other sort. The men who made the big strikes there were men who barely knew the difference between a tunnel and a writ of mandamus. The element of what is called "bull-luck" governed in most of the big strikes in Cripple Creek. In Thunder Mountain, after the Dewey had been established as a real mine, the work of finding mines and developing them was in the hands of real miners. Cripple Creek when it was discovered was a day's tramp over the mountains from Manitou; naturally a vast crowd of youths stumbled into Cripple Creek who had barely enough sense to tell you how many toes they had if you looked hard at them and asked them quickly. In the law of averages some of these fellows had to win. But to Thunder Mountain the road is long and steep, and so crooked



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that a horse on the trail often tangles his tail in the throat-latch of his own bridle, and the man who gets into the country has some good stuff in him. He is usually a man of mining experience. And that means a good deal. He has seen more and has experienced more and had more hard sense ground into him by good fortune and bad than men in any other trade or calling. For the trail to Thunder Mountain is a year's post-graduate work in the knockabout university, from which the degree of O. K. means business.

Every Man His Own Columbus

This, of course, does not mean that every one in the Thunder Mountain country is a model of honesty and perspicacity. There is one outfit from the East that is going to be most hilariously fooled next spring. The members of this outfit leased a claim back of the Dewey and did some work on it. They ran fifty or seventy-five feet of tunnels and struck some first-class ore. But they said nothing about it, and walked down to Roosevelt and said they were tired and wanted to quit. They said there was nothing in the country and that Thunder Mountain was a false alarm. The men from the Wisdom and from the Sunnyside tried to buy the tools and kit of the Easterners, but the tools and kit were not for sale. This was suspicious. The owner of the mine heard of these things, and putting two and two together made five. He went into the workings, saw what the gentlemen from the East had struck, and let out a reef in his price. They expect to come back from the East next spring and get the mine for a pleasant look and perhaps a chew of good eating tobacco. They will meet Mr. Owner, with his arms akimbo, his feet wide apart in an attitude of satisfaction, and a merry squint in his eye. The mine will bring the contract price or he will ask for his letter and his ring and his copy of Lucile, and it will never be The Same Again.

The trouble with most people is that they look more than they know. Once in a while out in the mountains one runs across a man whose education has been from men, not from books, who knows more than he looks. The gentlemen from the East will find when they come back in the spring that though there are no chairs in Thunder Mountain, and though the people sleep behind doors on wooden hinges, fastened with latch-strings, a man may think as deeply on a four-legged bench as on a revolving chair. Some way in making these discoveries men don't trust to the map of human experience. Every man has to be his own Columbus.

The People Who are Dissatisfied

Three or four thousand people have gone into the Thunder Mountain country since last March and less than three hundred of these will spend this winter there. Most of those who go out will complain about the country. There are three kinds of complainers: those who did not get clear into the heart of the district, but turned back at some hard place on the trail; those who went in, but were improperly equipped to stay in, having no provisions, or no money with which to buy them at the prevailing high prices; and thirdly, those who went in with other men's money as grub-stakes, or as money to invest, and failed to get adequate returns for their time or their investments. Naturally it follows that men of any of these classes will have to condemn Thunder Mountain to justify themselves, and they will not hesitate about twisting facts to make a plausible case for themselves. That is not lying in the exact sense of the word—it is human nature. And with such a battalion of croakers attacking it the wonder is that Thunder Mountain has stood siege even this long. But every mining camp has to go through just that kind of a trial. During the first three years of the history of every mining centre in the world more money is put in than is taken out. Every year dozens of camps rise and fall in a few months and pass into the world's experience. Unless a district can overcome its growing pains and its infantile ailments it disappears. The law of the survival of the fittest governs mining camps as well as the men in them. For, being human contrivances, these camps are amenable to human laws.

It would be folly to say that a camp with but one mine in it, and a dozen good prospects and a big cage of wild-cats, is bound to become a great mining region. And yet in view of the facts, and especially considering the great discoveries and marvelous—and this word is used conservatively and with due reflection—the marvelous surface indications in that part of the Thunder Mountain country known as Big Creek, it would be more than mad vanity for a man to condemn the country out of hand. The Big Creek region is of such wide area, and of such a different character from the region near Thunder Mountain, that although Big Creek is a part of the Thunder Mountain country, Big Creek seems destined to be the greater part, and should be considered in a separate paper. Until that paper is before him the reader, if he is a fair man, will suspend judgment. For the case is not ready for the jury till the evidence of things seen on Big Creek is in.

By the time these words are printed Nature will have put her eight months' time-lock on Thunder Mountain. From now until June all news that comes out and all that goes in must travel on snowshoes and at the traveler's peril. Mails are uncertain, and reports will be vague, and probably exaggerated, for both good and bad. Men are staking much money, and some men their lives, that there is gold in these steep, earth-covered hills, and when the stakes are high in a game the excitement is so great that truth is shy and does not come out boldly. But this much is sure: mining is an ancient trade and men have learned little about it, with all their science. All they know of gold is that it is where you find it. This Job knew thousands of years ago. For did he not write:

"Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone. Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it."

An Ocean Life-Saver

NOTWITHSTANDING the heroic and efficient work of the Government Life-Saving Service, storms frequently descend upon the Atlantic which make it impossible, even with lifeboats, to rescue the shipwrecked. To lash a person to these craft, however buoyant, would be at times simply to invite certain death at the fury of the waves.

The United States has encouraged the invention of all kinds of appliances for the furtherance of the merciful work of the Life-Saving Stations, and now a boat has been perfected which promises to defy the worst tempests. It is claimed for this life-craft that it will ride safely through a storm as severe as a hurricane.

In appearance the boat resembles a cigar-shaped flying machine. Its outer part is a rotable shell. This is free to roll at will on the waves. It may spin as fast as the wheels of an express locomotive without disturbing in the slightest the life-savers and the rescued passengers within. The shell cannot capsize, for there is neither top nor bottom to it.

Inside the shell is an apartment or living-chamber, at each end of which is a bulkhead provided with a multiplicity of sheaves or groove-pulleys. These, in turn, are connected with a ring so as to rotate upon a shaft which extends transversely across the boat. The result is that no matter how rapidly the shell whirls around the passenger apartment remains fixed and upright.

That in itself, however, would not safeguard the occupants from the terrific lurching in a wild storm. To provide against that a pendulous carriage swings within the life chamber. In the tests that have been made, it has been demonstrated that waves have little if any effect upon the equilibrium of this pendulous or swinging deck.

It is expected that these lifeboats will be carried on steamers and furnished to the Government Life-Saving Service. In the event of disaster passengers are taken into the cigar-shaped shell through hatches which are then clamped, and the curious craft is ready. At each end of the shell is an annular, air-tight compartment between which and the bulkheads of the living compartment an air and water space is provided. Without the remotest danger of inundation, the occupants riding in the pendulous carriage are furnished with air.

When the storm subsides the lifeboat is equipped to assume other duties. Rudders and centre-boards which are made to fold in rough weather conformably to the shape of the shell are released by springs. Telescopic masts are brought into position at each end of the craft. Sails are then raised and the lifeboat is steered into port.

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in the series, and continues Mr. White's description of The Foot of the Rainbow. The fourth and concluding paper, The Pot of Gold, will appear next week.

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By KARL von HERRMANN

WHAT long-suffering personages may expect hereafter at the hands of the strenuous autograph collector was ominously foreshadowed in Chicago a few weeks ago, when one Mr. James Foley attempted to induce the redoubtable Captain Streeter to sign his name to a quitclaim deed of a large section of lake-shore property by holding a shotgun to the latter's head and wording his petition so that it sounded very much like an extremely profane command. Let it be set down to the glory everlasting of Captain Streeter that he temporarily balked the establishment of so inconsiderate a precedent by a vigorous lunge with his red right fist, clinched by a vicious kick where it would do the most good in hastening the annoyer's retreat. Mr. Foley failed to set a fashion for autograph fiends, although his method seems to work admirably with the collectors of mere money, and it is probable that his example will not be speedily emulated in high places by others of his kind. Still, it is just as well to go prepared.

It was, I believe, Lord Tennyson who once told a neighbor of his that he considered every crime and vice in the world to be intimately connected with the passion for autographs, anecdotes and records. This would seem at first glance to be rather a large order, but is pretty closely echoed by another eminent reasoner, Huxley, who declares, in a letter to a suave and unknown correspondent, "I look upon autograph hunters as the progeny of Cain, and treat their letters accordingly; Heaven forgive you if you are only an unusually ingenious specimen of the same race." Still, the autograph collector is not included by Lombroso in his catalogue of degenerates, nor, if I remember rightly, by Schopenhauer either, and there is nothing that can be legally done to take down his pride and arrogance. As Andrew Lang has said, "the tolerant universe permits men, women and children to be mighty autograph hunters before the Lord."

Most of us have probably had the mania for autographs of the good and great—or of the bad and great, for that matter—at some time or other in that part of our careers antedating the ability to sit up, take notice, and appraise footpads at their proper value. I, myself, have done a little in this line on which the future historian of the art will doubtless find something distinctly unpleasant to say, and I feel constrained to admit that I would yet go a long way legitimately to secure the signatures of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Sage or Mr. Rockefeller—on a check, and preferably on a blank one. But that, of course, is only an idle dream.

That the hunt for autographs is older than the use of razors there can be no doubt. It finds as early mention in authentic chronicles. Skipping the obscure names that head the list, we find that Cicero had a fine collection, of which he was exceedingly proud; that Pliny mentions one Pompeius Secundus at whose house he saw the autographs of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus and the Gracchi; and that Pliny himself had a collection worth about $15,000. During the immediately succeeding centuries the disease spread rapidly westward, first becoming virulent in Germany, then in France, and finally reaching England.

A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord

The first big chief among autograph hunters of the kind at present so familiar would seem to have been Loménie de Brienne, ambassador of Henry IV. Brienne's collection contained the name of nearly every contemporary prince, potentate, or man of genius who could write, and was acquired by Louis XIV, who placed it in the royal library. Just what the scrawls in this collection would be worth now in the open market is an interesting speculation. Eminence appears to be of far less importance than rarity, granting that the signer ever had any eminence at all. For instance, the signatures of Lincoln, Jefferson or Washington are not so dearly prized as that of Andrew Johnson, he who addressed the group of distinguished ambassadors as "you-uns over thar, with the gewgaws on." Shakespeare's and Molière's bring far the best prices of any, there being but seven of the former extant: three to his will, preserved in the British Museum, two to conveyances of property, one in a folio edition of the plays possessed by Mr. Gunther, of Chicago, and one in Giovanni Florio's translation of Montaigne. And it is a melancholy fact that at least three of these are believed to be spurious—that in the folio, and two of those in the will.

Autographs by Fraud and Proxy

It remained for Tom Hood to point out that there are several kinds of autographs in which a man may indulge himself, if he loves to see his name in script but wishes to baffle the collectors. The list, which was published in one of his Comic Annuals, runs thus:

> There have been autographs written by proxy; as, for example, Doctor Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield. But to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.
>
> With regard to my own particular practice I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.
>
> Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-tray with slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write and does not bite her nails.
>
> A friend of mine possesses an autograph—REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.
>
> Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats.
>
> Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend, which the latter published in a quarto volume.

The subterfuges to which the autograph hunter will resort are deeper than those of other confidence men, win oftener and leave a deeper sting. For a great man to be subtly and unwittingly separated from his money is one thing; to be played, and successfully played, for a fool is quite another. It is still true that you can fool all of the people some of the time, and the man with the penchant for autographs can do it better than any one else. Yet even the best of these gentry occasionally fall down, beaten at their own game. Tennyson, asked by an ingenious correspondent to say which was the better dictionary, Webster's or Ogilvie's, replied by cutting the word "Ogilvie's" from the querying text, pasting it on an otherwise blank sheet of paper, and mailing it thus to the anxious one. Kate Field, cornered by album offerers, always wrote a terse item to the effect that a subscription to her paper cost but four dollars a year—which invariably produced a profitable effect. The late William Black foiled the hunter times without number, but was frequently caught nevertheless, and recorded an entertaining list of his experiences with the offenders. I quote an extract from this document.

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The Good Night Card Back.

Half the possible pleasure of a game of cards is lost, unless

Congress Playing Cards

are used. For social play none are so good—smooth as polished ivory; thin and springy. Dainty in design, rich in coloring. Made of durable linen stock. Gold edges. Ask your dealer to show you the various backs: Rookwood Indian, Priscilla, Minuet, George and Martha Washington, Old Mill, etc.

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64-page illustrated book, "Entertaining with Cards," sent for 4c. in stamps.

Holiday Gifts for Whist Players

Extra fine seal-pattern Paine's Whist Trays, in handsome nickel-trimmed case, $7.50 per set and upward. Also morocco pattern Paine trays, $4.00 per set, and upward. Sold by dealers.

$20 course of Whist lessons, free, with each set of trays. Write for particulars. Our booklet, "Simple Whist" sent for a 2-cent stamp.

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The Normal Heat of the Body

is 98.4° F. Retain this normal or natural heat and there will be little danger from pneumonia, coughs, colds, catarrh, or any chest or lung trouble. Keep warm and comfortable on the coldest days, without cumbersome clothing, by wearing a perfect-fitting, tailor-made

Frost King or Frost Queen Chamois Vest

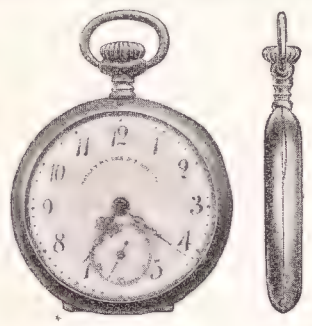
Comfortable and helpful. Will last many years.

Frost King Chamois Vests for men, made of chamois, flannel inside, $3.00 each. Frost Queen Chamois Vests for women, made of chamois, covered with red, blue, green, brown, black or tan flannel, $3.00 each. Children's sizes, $2.25 each.

Your druggist should have them; if not, send us his name with $3.00, and we will supply you, express prepaid. Write for free descriptive booklet.

Bauer & Black, 289-25th St., Chicago, U.S.A.

For your druggist's name and five 2c. stamps we will send a HANDY POWDER PAD made of chamois, easy to carry, contains the Powder, and affords a chamois face cloth.



Ladies' 14-karat GOLD WATCH $27

Full-jeweled; chronometer balance; lever movement; gold Louis XIV hands; thin model. Accurately regulated for immediate delivery.

Monogram engraved on back without additional charge. A thoroughly good watch.

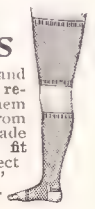
The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company
Chestnut and Twelfth Sts. Philadelphia

When You're in Trouble

with Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Leg Swellings, Weak Knees, Weak Ankles, Swollen Joints, etc.,

Our Seamless Heel

Elastic Stockings



furnish quick and often permanent relief. We weave them **to your measure** from new elastic (made by us), insuring fit and durability, and we sell and ship direct from the looms to you at manufacturers' prices. **Send for Catalogue, measuring directions and prices.**

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., Alley Bldg., Lynn, Mass.

The most persistent correspondent whom the writer of books has to face is the autograph-hunting fiend, whose ways are dark and devious beyond description. The dodges to which he will resort in order to accomplish his diabolical purpose are as the sands of the seashore for multitude; and it is to be feared that many an honest letter is flung into the waste-paper basket on the mere hasty and exasperated suspicion that it hails from an autograph hunter. The most deadly stratagem in this direction I ever heard of was the invention of a friend of mine, who now confesses it as one of the sins of his youth. He wrote a letter to each of the persons whose autograph he coveted, describing himself as a shipowner and asking permission to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly every one fell into it. Even poor old Carlyle had no suspicion, and, in replying to the bogus shipowner, expressed the hope that the vessel to be named after him might sail to a happier haven then he had ever reached. I remember when I was in America receiving a very pretty and charming letter from two sisters living in one of the Southern States. They described their beautiful home on the banks of the —— River; they were, they informed me, living there quite alone, having neither friends nor relatives to occupy their time withal; and it had occurred to them that, as I was certain to form a perfectly false idea of American hospitality so long as I remained in the cold and callous North, would I not come down for a week or two to this sylvan retreat on the —— River, that they might show me what a real Southern welcome was like? It was a most innocent and idyllic invitation; and I was describing it a long time afterward to Mr. Bret Harte, when he interrupted me. "Didn't the letter go something like this?" He knew the rest. The idyllic invitation had been but an autograph-hunting lure.

A comical case of shunted intention was afforded a delighted collector who had written to ask a favor of the autographical kind from Daniel O'Connell. The great Irishman sat down in a characteristic rage and replied:

Sir: I'll be d——d if I will send you my autograph. Yours,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

An effective contrast to this fiery ebullition lies in the printed, or typewritten, reply, which, patterning possibly after Huxley and Ruskin, Mark Twain invariably sends to the frank requester of his signature. At any rate, he used to send it. It runs this way:

> I hope I shall not offend you; I shall certainly say nothing with the intention to offend you. I must explain myself, however, and I will do it as kindly as I can. What you ask me to do I am asked to do as often as one-half dozen times a week. Three hundred letters a year! One's impulse is to freely consent; but one's time and necessary occupations will not permit it. There is no way but to decline in all cases, making no exceptions; and I wish to call your attention to a thing that has probably not occurred to you, and that is this: that no man takes pleasure in exercising his trade as a pastime. Writing is my trade, and I exercise it only when I am obliged to. You might make your request of a doctor, or a builder, or a sculptor, and there would be no impropriety in it, but if you asked either for a specimen of his trade, his handiwork, he would be justified in rising to a point of order. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by.

But the most stinging reproof of unmitigated gall was that administered by Horace Greeley, and related by him in his Recollections of a Busy Life. Mr. Greeley says there that he once received from a young man whom he did not know, and of whom he had never even heard before, the following letter:

> *Dear Sir:* Among your literary treasures there are doubtless several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me and receive the thanks of yours truly.

To this epistle Mr. Greeley replied:

> *Dear Sir:* Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for $50, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest), and you can have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully.

Mr. Greeley kept the note.

THE PIANOLA: A small cabinet placed in front of the piano, enabling ANY ONE to play it.

What the PIANOLA means to you:

IT WILL make a player and a cultivated musician of every member of your family. By bringing your children in close companionship with great musical minds the Pianola will, with certainty, so train and develop the musical sense that the hardship of "practising" will be robbed of its terrors and become a pleasant means to a well defined and delightful end.

If you are a pianist of the highest attainment a Pianola will increase your repertoire from one hundred to many thousand selections. If you are merely a dilettante in music the Pianola will bring within your reach music which you may have dreamed of playing but had never hoped to accomplish.

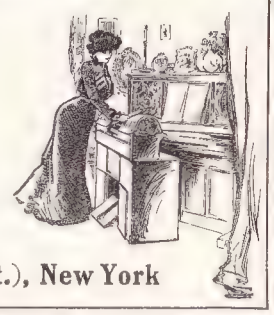
But the great mission of the Pianola is directed to those who have, through lack of time or money, been prevented from overcoming the almost prohibitory technical difficulties of any musical instrument.

In the history of the world's progress there has never been anything invented capable of giving such genuine pleasure and enjoyment as the Pianola.

Have You a Piano Which You Do Not Use or Do Not Use as Much as You Would Like To?

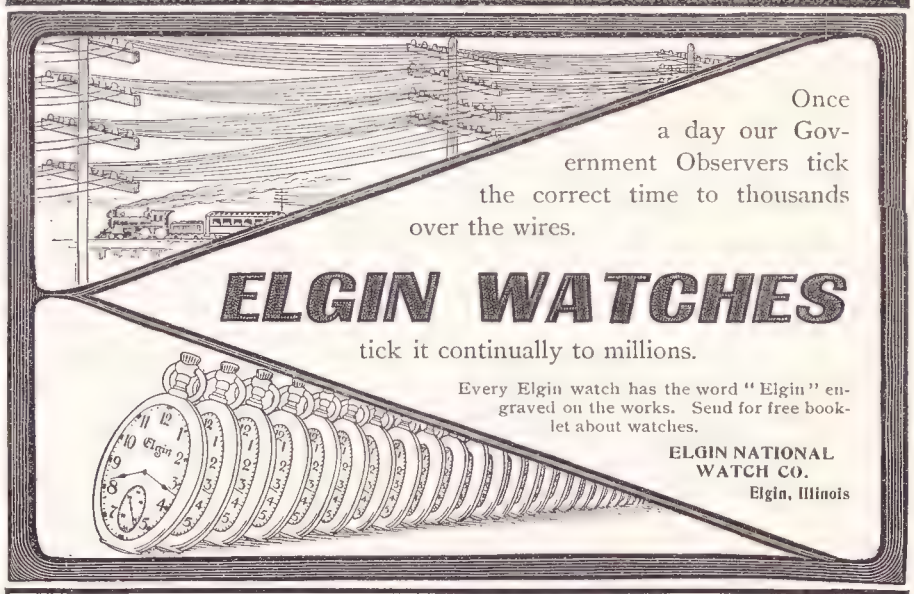
A brochure, entitled "Music in the Home," describing the Pianola will be sent to any one interested.

THE COST OF THE PIANOLA IS $250. PURCHASABLE BY MONTHLY PAYMENTS



The Aeolian Company

Aeolian Hall, 362 5th Avenue (near 34th St.), New York



Once a day our Government Observers tick the correct time to thousands over the wires.

ELGIN WATCHES

tick it continually to millions.

Every Elgin watch has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works. Send for free booklet about watches.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

BURNT LEATHER NOVELTIES

No. 2

No. 2
"Full Hand" Calendar.
Made of art leather, size 6 x 10 inches, ornamented with two burnt Jacks, a mirror, and a pair of playing cards.

No. 3
"When Shall We Three Meet Again?" Calendar.
Made of art leather, size 6 x 10 inches, ornamented with two burnt Jacks and a mirror.

The mirror in both novelties reflects the third Jack; more fun than a circus. ***Price 35 cents each, three for $1.00. Order by number.***

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SPECIAL A beautiful color plate of Rocky Mountain minerals and a color plate of polished agates 9 x 11 inches in size, and an illustrated catalogue of Indian curios, baskets, minerals, odd and useful novelties to be had nowhere else, sent on receipt of **four cents in stamps,** or free with each order.

No. 3

I keep old friends and add new ones every day.

Sold only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.
Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."

MEDIUM PATENTED OCT. 13 1896 AUG. 8 1899 **The Prophylactic**

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'. **FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.**

We have no agents or branch stores.

Newest Winter Styles

THE newest things in suits and cloaks are shown in our Winter Supplement, which is now ready. The styles are exclusive, and are shown by no other firm. Prices are lower than ever. Every garment is made to order; we keep no ready-made goods. If you are not satisfied with what you get from us, send it back promptly and *we will refund your money.* Our Catalogue illustrates:

Fashionable Cloth Suits, $8 up.
Costumes, lined throughout with fine taffeta silk, $15 up.
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Long Jackets, $10 up. Short Coats, $7 up.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

Write to-day for Catalogue, Supplement and Samples; you will get them **free** by return mail. Be sure to say whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, so that we can send you a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

WARNING!

The "Cravenette" Rain Coats

Genuine

for Men, Women, Boys and Girls are made from fabrics manufactured exclusively by

B. PRIESTLEY & COMPANY
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Every Coat has this Label at the Collar or

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TRADE MARK REG'D
RAIN COAT

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REG° TRADE MARK "Cravenette" PROOFED —BY— CRAVENETTE Co LTD

The "CRAVENETTE" Coats are the only really rainproof coats in existence. Sold by reputable dealers everywhere. Write for interesting Booklet 6.

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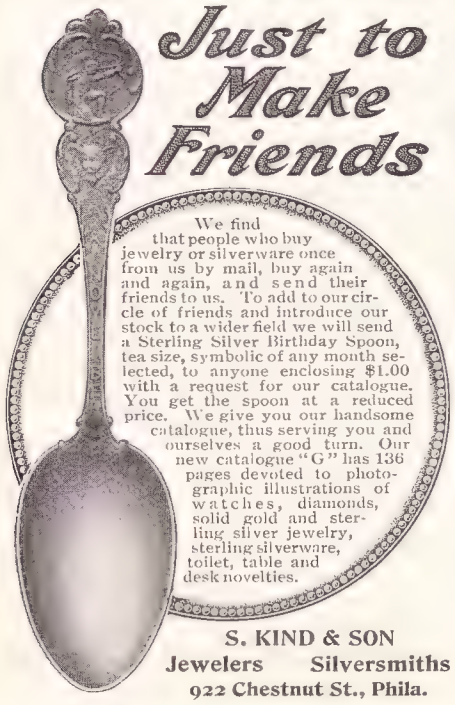

We find that people who buy jewelry or silverware once from us by mail, buy again and again, and send their friends to us. To add to our circle of friends and introduce our stock to a wider field we will send a Sterling Silver Birthday Spoon, tea size, symbolic of any month selected, to anyone enclosing $1.00 with a request for our catalogue. You get the spoon at a reduced price. We give you our handsome catalogue, thus serving you and ourselves a good turn. Our new catalogue "G" has 136 pages devoted to photographic illustrations of watches, diamonds, solid gold and sterling silver jewelry, sterling silverware, toilet, table and desk novelties.

S. KIND & SON
Jewelers Silversmiths
922 Chestnut St., Phila.

The Temptation of Miss Ramsbotham

(*Continued from Page 2*)

But they had not improved her. They did not belong to her; they did not fit her. They sat on her as Sunday broadcloth on a yokel. She had learned to employ her "h's" correctly, and to speak good grammar. This gave to her conversation a painfully artificial air. The little learning she had absorbed was sufficient to bestow upon her an angry consciousness of her own invincible ignorance.

Meanwhile, Miss Ramsbotham had continued upon her course of rejuvenation. At twenty-nine she had looked thirty-five; at thirty-two she looked not a day older than five-and-twenty. One felt that should she retrograde further at the same rate she would soon have to shorten her frocks and let down her hair. A nervous excitability had taken possession of her that was playing strange freaks not only with her body but with her mind. What it gave to the one it seemed to take from the other. The woman was changing visibly before our eyes. Old friends, accustomed to enjoy with her the luxury of plain speech, wondered in vain what they had done to offend her. Her desire was now toward new friends, new faces. Her sense of humor appeared to be departing from her; it became unsafe to jest with her. On the other hand she showed herself greedy for admiration and flattery. Her Bohemian acquaintances stepped back astonished to watch brainless young fops making their way with her by complimenting her upon her blouse, or whispering to her some trite nonsense about her eyelashes. From her work she took a good percentage of her brain power to bestow it on her clothes. Of course, she was successful. Her dresses suited her, showed her to the best advantage. Important social and political work she abandoned to take up in its place a fashion column, which enabled her to devote time to what was now the chief object of her life. Beautiful she could never be, and had sense enough to know it; but a charming, distinguished-looking woman she had already become. Also, she was on the highroad to becoming a vain, egotistical, commonplace woman, and of this the bosom friend, a fellow-journalist, took the liberty of warning her.

"What is the use of being clever and sensible, to a woman?" retorted Miss Ramsbotham.

"There was a time," reminded the friend, "when you used to enjoy the sensation."

"I want to live," explained Miss Ramsbotham.

"Can't you manage to do it without being a fool?" argued the bosom friend.

"No," answered Miss Ramsbotham. "A woman can't; I've tried it."

After an absence of some two years Mr. Reginald Peters wrote that, his uncle having died, he expected to be back in England in the course of the next few weeks.

The announcement affected the two women very differently. Mistress Peggy, too stupid to comprehend the change that had been taking place in her, looked forward to her lover's arrival with delight. Mr. Reginald Peters, independently of his profession, was in consequence of his uncle's death a man of means. Miss Ramsbotham's tutelage, which had always been distasteful to her, would now be at an end. She would be a "lady" in the true sense of the word—according to Miss Peggy's definition, a woman with nothing to do but eat and drink, and nothing to think of but dress. Miss Ramsbotham, on the other hand, who might have looked forward to the return of her quondam lover with hope, exhibited a strange condition of alarmed misery, which increased from day to day as the arrival drew nearer.

The meeting, whether by design or accident we never knew, took place at an evening party given by the proprietors of a new journal. The circumstance was certainly unfortunate for poor Peggy, whom one began to pity. Mr. Peters, knowing both women would be there and so on the lookout, saw in the distance among the crowd of notabilities a tall, distinguished, graceful woman, whose face recalled sensations he could not for the moment place. Chiefly noticeable about her were her exquisite neck and arms, and the air of perfect breeding with which she moved, talking and laughing, through the well-dressed, fashionable throng. Beside her strutted, nervously aggressive, a vulgar, fat, pimply, shapeless young woman, attracting universal attention by the incongruity of her presence in the room. On being greeted by the graceful lady of the neck and arms, the conviction

W. & J. Sloane

A CHARMING ENGLISH BREAKFAST-ROOM SET OF MAHOGANY WITH DELICATE INLAY

FURNITURE

OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF DESIGN

ATTENTION is called to our rare collection of original and adapted pieces of English Furniture, representing the works of the master designers and containing many most interesting models in Sideboards and Chairs.
We are also prepared to make to order Furniture of the highest class.

SKETCHES SUBMITTED

Broadway & 19th Street

NEW YORK

Thy Mate, Thy Master, and Thy Pen, must be self chosen;

A

CHRISTMAS *Gift* Certificate

In *Four Colors* and *Gold.*

As unique and beautiful as the hand work of a *Monk* of the *Middle Ages*. It is intended for CHRISTMAS presentation in place of the *Pen* itself, so that the recipient may afterwards choose his own *Pen* to suit his hand. It will be sent to all who contemplate making a present of a *Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen.*

The Waterman Ideal *is a Fountain of Pen Satisfaction. If it isn't an* Ideal *it isn't a* Waterman.

L. E. Waterman Company.
173 Broadway, NEW YORK. *12 Golden Lane*, LONDON
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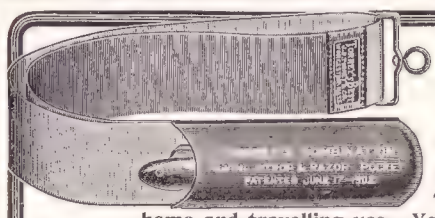

Torrey

Swing Strop with Razor Pocket

This new style is very convenient for both home and travelling use. Your Razor always with your Strop.

No. 986-sw, Polished Linen, extra selected Horse Hide. Morocco Case stamped in Gold, price $2.00.
No. 977-sw, Prepared Web and Oiled Leather. Leatherette Case, price $1.00.
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Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Send for free catalogue—contains valuable information for those who shave.

J. R. TORREY & COMPANY, P. O. Box 35, Worcester, Mass.

Our HOLMAN SELF-PRONOUNCING TEACHERS' BIBLES are printed on both **India** and **Linen Rag Papers,** type well spaced. They contain the newest and best **Helps**

Absolutely flexible bindings. Prices reasonable. **A. J. HOLMAN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

This Rocker $24.50

Large and Comfortable Genuine Leather Covering Leather Fringe

THE usual price for this handsome Turkish Rocker elsewhere is $37.00, often $45.00. Our price is $24.50. Our superb collection of fine furniture is shown in **Special Catalogue R**, which you are invited to send for. It shows a most desirable line of artistic, high-grade pieces at moderate prices. It will be sent to any address outside of Chicago, Cook Co., Ill. You cannot afford to buy until you have seen our new catalogue R. Write now.

THIS Turkish Rocker is as perfect as modern methods and honest construction can make it. It is large size and luxurious; the frame work is of hard wood throughout, doubly braced, resting upon a heavy platform base held in position by strong, double springs of the finest steel. The springwork is the same as specified by the U. S. Government as STANDARD, therefore, the best; has genuine hair cushions and is handsomely tufted in back and arms with ruffled edges. Covered in best quality of genuine leather in any color, which we guarantee as the leather produced from the fibrous or grain side of the hide, which is the only absolutely dependable leather, as it will never crack or peel and will always prove satisfactory. The heavy fringe is made from genuine leather in a handsome design to harmonize with the design of the rocker. Usually sold for $37.00 to $45.00. Price **$24.50**

Order Number R 155. Write for Catalogue R S.

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This Beautiful Calendar

Size 10 x 20 inches, in 12 colors and embossed, for 6 cents in stamps

Our Company is fifty years old in 1903. We have issued an Anniversary Calendar—the handsomest that American art could produce. Its design (reproducing three beautiful paintings on burnt wood) is new and most artistic. It is fully equal to the calendars book stores sell for 50 cents. Sent for 6 cents. Address

BOSTON RUBBER SHOE CO.
Calendar Department, 9 Murray St., New York

"Ah want yo' mah honey"

For the accompaniment of coon songs or other vocal music there is not a more suitable instrument than the

COLUMBIA ZITHER

"The Easy to Play"

Its sweet, mellow and rich chords give the most charming tone effect. Sold at a popular price, perfect in every detail, capable of the grandest music—there is a great deal of satisfaction in the Columbia for the purchaser. Easy to play. Teacher unnecessary. You can do it. Free charts and music book aid you.

No. 3 **$5.00**

Others $3.00 to $7.00

If your dealer hasn't it, send price to us and we will ship, express prepaid. Catalogue free.

THE PHONOHARP CO.
Dept. F, 152 Liverpool Street, E. Boston, Mass.

Four blades. Best tempered steel.

Reliable Pocket Knife

Stag or Pearl Handle.

Sent by Mail for **50¢**

Sent postpaid for 50c. This is a special price to introduce our fine line of cutlery.

Book "Cutlery Hints" Free.

40 Styles

M. A. SHIPLEY, 432 Market St., Phila., Pa.

forced itself upon him that this could be no other than the Miss Ramsbotham, once plain of face and indifferent of dress, whose very appearance he had almost forgotten. On being greeted gushingly as "Reggie" by the sallow-complexioned, overdressed young woman he bowed with evident astonishment, and apologized for a memory that, so he assured the lady, had always been to him a source of despair.

Of course he thanked his stars—and Miss Ramsbotham—that the engagement had never been formal. So far as Mr. Peters was concerned, there was an end to Mistress Peggy's dream of an existence of everlasting breakfasts in bed. Leaving the Ramsbotham flat, she returned to the maternal roof, and there a course of hard work and plain living tended greatly to improve her figure and complexion; so that in course of time, the gods smiling again upon her, she married a foreman printer, and passes out of this story.

Meanwhile Mr. Reginald Peters—older, and the possessor, perhaps, of more sense—looked at Miss Ramsbotham with new eyes, and now not tolerated but desired her. We waited to assist at the happy termination of a pretty and somewhat novel romance. Miss Ramsbotham had shown no sign of being attracted elsewhere. Flattery, compliment—as I think I have already stated—she welcomed; but merely, so it seemed, as favorable criticism. Suitors more fit and proper than Mr. Peters were now not lacking, for Miss Ramsbotham, though less desirable when won, came readily to the thought of wooing. But to all such she turned a laughing face.

"I like her for it," said the bosom friend; "and he has improved—there was room for it. But I wish it could have been another. There was Jack Wyke—it would have been so much more suitable. Or even Joe. But it is her marriage, not ours. And she will never care for any one else, that is certain."

So we bought our wedding presents and had them ready. And six months later Mr. Reginald Peters returned to Canada; and Miss Ramsbotham gave up her fashion column to resume her social and political work, took less and less interest in her frocks, and became gradually the sensible, laughter-loving, frank Bohemian friend we had known and liked and respected—everything but loved: and all attempt, hinted or direct, to solve the mystery she cleverly evaded. Only to the bosom friend was the case made clear, through whom the truth, as is the way of truth, leaked out, slowly, drop by drop.

"Love," said Miss Ramsbotham to the bosom friend, "is not regulated by reason. As you say, there were many men I might have married with much more hope of happiness. But I never cared for any other man. He was not intellectual, was egotistical, possibly enough selfish. The man should always be older than the woman, and he was a weak character. But I loved him."

"I am glad you didn't marry him," said the bosom friend.

"So am I," agreed Miss Ramsbotham.

"If you can't trust me," said the bosom friend, "don't."

"I meant to do right," said Miss Ramsbotham, "upon my word of honor I did, in the beginning."

"I don't understand," said the friend.

"If she had been my own child," continued Miss Ramsbotham, "I could not have done more—in the beginning. I tried to teach her, to put some sense into her. Lord! the hours I wasted on that little idiot! I marvel at my own patience. She was nothing but an animal. An animal! She had only an animal's vices. To eat and drink and sleep was her idea of happiness; her one ambition male admiration, and she hadn't character enough to put sufficient curb upon her stomach to retain it. I reasoned with her, I pleaded with her, I bullied her. Had I persisted I might have succeeded by sheer physical and mental strength in restraining her from ruining herself. As I say, in the beginning I did my best. I was winning; I had made her frightened of me. Had I gone on I might have won. By dragging her out of bed in the morning, by insisting upon her taking exercise, by regulating every particle of food and drink she put into her mouth, I kept the little beast in good condition for nearly three months. Then I had to go away into the country for a few days; she swore she would obey my instructions. When I came back I found she had been in bed most of the time, and had been living chiefly on chocolate and cakes. She was curled up asleep in an easy chair, snoring with her mouth wide open, when I opened the door. And at sight of that picture the devil came to me and tempted me. Why

(Concluded on Page 22)

The World's Best Music

If there is a piano in your home you are constantly buying sheet music—and paying high prices for it. It lies in ragged piles around the house and becomes scattered and torn. You lose money by buying music in that way, to say nothing of your loss of time and temper when searching for a particular selection. Why not buy your music in volumes, filled with the best selections, and thoroughly indexed? The **"Library of the World's Best Music"** is designed for your needs. Its eight volumes—sheet music size, but light and easy to handle—are crowded with the best vocal and instrumental music, carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains, one piece at a time, **it would cost you over $200.00.** Through our Musical Library Club—for a limited time—the entire set will cost you one-tenth of that amount, and you can pay in little payments of

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IF YOU LIKE MUSIC but do not play yourself, you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this musical Library. It means evening after evening of pleasure, for it furnishes in the most compact and simple form all the world's greatest music. This collection is to music what the encyclopedia is to knowledge—the best of all properly proportioned.

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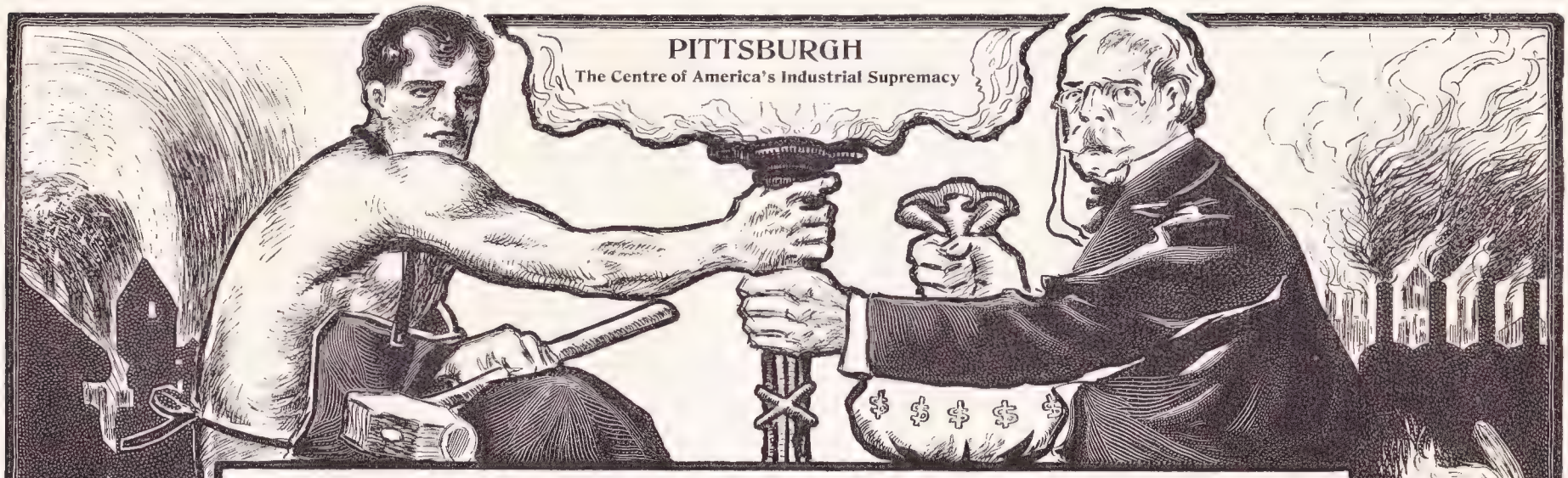

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Foundations are now in for the plant of the Safety Armorite Conduit Company. The main building will be of fire-proof construction and 577 feet long. This company will centralize at West Pittsburgh, the operations of the American Interior Conduit Company at Waukegan, Ill., and Milwaukee having been taken over by the Safety Company, which is capitalized at $500,000. This latter Company will also move its operation from Rankin to the new town. The construction of the conduit plant is already well under way.

A plant for the Garland Nut & Rivet Company, which will invest $200,000 at West Pittsburgh, is well under way, foundations being complete. The main building for this concern will be 659 feet long. Foundations are in course of construction for the plant of the West Pittsburgh Mill & Lumber Company, the main building to be 150 feet long and to be extended later. These three concerns will employ about 1000 men.

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FACILITIES ARE EXCELLENT

West Pittsburgh has the railroad facilities of all the systems entering Pittsburgh, including the Pennsylvania Lines West, Pittsburgh & Western, Baltimore & Ohio, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. The interests creating the community have a bountiful supply of coal on the tract. Limestone, fire-brick and sand also underlie the property.

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REFERENCES

McKEESPORT, PA., November 1, 1902.
The officers and directors of the West Pittsburgh Realty Company are personally known to this bank and may be depended upon to fulfil any promises they may make. NATIONAL BANK OF McKEESPORT,
D. H. RHODES, *Cashier.*

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The Third National Bank of Pittsburgh has had business dealings with the persons in control of the West Pittsburgh Realty Company for the past fifteen years and we can recommend them without reserve to their character and business qualifications.
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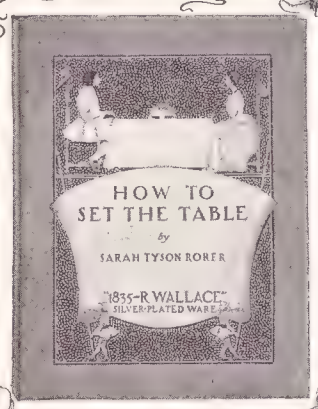

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The Temptation of Miss Ramsbotham

(*Concluded from Page 20*)

should I waste my time, wear myself out in mind and body, that the man I love should marry a pig because it looked like an angel? Six months, wallowing according to its own desires, would reveal it in its true shape. So from that day I left it to itself. No, worse than that—I don't want to spare myself—I encouraged her. I let her have a fire in her bedroom, and half her meals in bed. I let her have chocolate with tablespoonfuls of cream floating on the top: she loved it. She was never really happy except when eating. I let her order her own meals. I took a fiendish delight watching the dainty limbs turning to shapeless fat, the pink and white complexion growing blotchy. It is flesh that man loves; brain and mind and heart and soul, he never thinks of them! This little pink and white sow could have cut me out with Solomon himself. Why should such creatures have the world arranged for them, and we not be allowed to use our brains in our own defense? But for my looking-glass I might have resisted the temptation, but I always had something of the man in me. I suppose it was the nervous excitement under which I was living that was changing me. All my sap was going into my body. Given sufficient time, I might meet her with her own weapons, animal against animal. Well, you know the result: I won. There was no doubt about his being in love with me. His eyes would follow me round the room, feasting on me. I had become a fine animal. Men desired me. Do you know why I refused him? He was in every way a better man than the silly boy I had fallen in love with. He came back with a couple of false teeth: I saw the gold setting one day when he opened his mouth to laugh. I don't say for a moment, my dear, there is no such thing as love—love pure, ennobling, worthy of men and women, its roots in the heart and nowhere else. But that love I had missed; and the other I saw in its true light. I had fallen in love with him because he was a pretty, curly-headed boy. He had fallen in love with Peggy when she was pink and white and slim. I shall always see the look that came into his eyes when she spoke to him at the hotel, the look of disgust and loathing. The girl was the same; it was only her body that had grown older. I could see his eyes fixed upon my arms and neck. I had got to grow old in time, wrinkled and brown. I thought of him growing bald, fat——"

"If you had fallen in love with the right man," said the bosom friend, "those ideas would not have come to you."

"I know," said Miss Ramsbotham. "He will have to like me thin and in these clothes, just because I am nice, and good company, and helpful. That is the man I am waiting for."

An Index to Character

THE best index to the character of Richard Harding Davis might be found in a catalogue of the kindly acts he has done for others without their knowledge. An instance occurred while he was managing editor of a New York weekly. An editor in another city wrote a very complimentary notice of his work and sent him the clipping. Mr. Davis expressed his thanks in a line of acknowledgment, and then went on to say that there was a real favor which he should appreciate more than anything that could be said about him. There was in his correspondent's city a young man belonging to a wealthy family who had decided to enter upon a literary career against the strong opposition of his father. So far did the father carry his prejudice that he told the son he would disown him in his will if he persisted in his purpose. Mr. Davis went on to praise this friend, said he had already gained entrance to circles both in Paris and London where mere money could never enter, and declared it would be the happiest day of his life when he saw him win out, as he was assured he would. He wanted the editor to give prominently an adequate notice of what the young man had done. The notice soon appeared, and very promptly came a letter from Mr. Davis expressing tenfold more pleasure over what had been said of his friend than over what had been printed about himself. Months later Blank scored brilliantly and on the instant of his success Mr. Davis sent a line to the editor:

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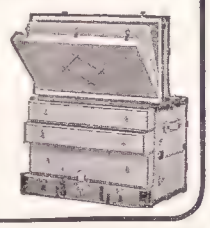

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The Irish Revolt

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

AMID the many curious changes I have seen during my thirty years' residence in London I know none more curious than that in the attitude of this city and of England generally to the American. To speak of the existence of affection between the two nationalities would, I think, be something of exaggeration. But there is certainly a strong tendency in England to recognize the energy, the wealth and the extraordinary progress of America; and the desire to secure her friendship amounts to something like a passion, not to say an infatuation. There is something, indeed, in the attitude of England to America that reminds one of the somewhat fatuous love which an elderly widow now and then bestows on a good-looking, strenuous and somewhat coy young bachelor. The feeling is a compound of affection, of apprehension and of almost inexhaustible patience and long-suffering. In the days of Mr. Cleveland and the Venezuela message the feeling was quite different. Then, indeed, England was angry, excited, reckless; the bitter lessons and disillusions of the South African War had not yet come; and I have heard English officers speculate on the fatality with which the overwhelming fleet of Great Britain could sweep the shores of America. But that feeling was transient and not very deep or widespread; for the masses of the English people do look to America with the affection and hopefulness which one democracy is inclined to feel for another; and at this moment the commercial classes feel with the multitude. America is the popular favorite with all sorts and conditions of men, outside certain somewhat bitter sections which are represented by the Saturday Review.

If America Should Propose

I have the conviction that this transformation of feeling will work some strange and unexpected results in the course of the next few years. Mr. Pierpont Morgan may prove to be a mighty political force and transmuter, without intending, and perhaps even without knowing it. And one of the problems on which this change of feeling may work with most effect is the Irish question. When I was in the United States, more than twenty years ago, public opinion in America was loud and unanimous in the expression of sympathy with the cause of Ireland. I forget how many State Legislatures passed resolutions in favor of Home Rule. For all England cared they might as well have remained silent; not the least notice was taken of their proceedings; or if they were noticed at all, it was to speak of them with scorn or impatience. When next America speaks—if she should speak—on the Irish question, England will listen. I have a strong conviction that in given circumstances the final word and the decisive word on the Irish question may come from the lips of the President of the United States. I do not mean words of menace, or even words that might be regarded as impertinent interference, but words of friendly counsel from the chief of one great nation to the chief of another. I don't know, of course, who will be President of the United States when that moment comes, but I can imagine a man of the originality and daring of Mr. Roosevelt being just glad to get the opportunity of closing the struggle of centuries by his influence and personality, and of so giving himself a permanent place among the great forces who have changed the face of the world. Meantime affairs in Ireland are approaching one of those periodical cyclones which immediately precede some great act of reform. One local body in the country called upon every Irish member to go to jail, so that when the Speaker met the House of Commons he might find the Irish benches entirely empty. This advice was not, and was not likely to be, universally followed; but at the same time it looks very probable that a considerable number of Irish Members will be in jail or on their way to it by the time the House of Commons again adjourns. What renders this outburst of Coercion on the part of the Government the more remarkable is that all the official reports show Ireland to be freer from crimes of violence than almost at any moment in her history, and that some of the jails, it is reported, have had to be closed, practically, from want of prisoners. This indeed is a feature that distinguishes up to the present the actual organization and movement from most of its predecessors. It has almost stamped out crimes of violence. And therefore the Government is to assert

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class rights, not to put down criminal violence. Curious results may follow. The landlord class is divided, the division corresponding in some lines to difference in pecuniary resources, in others to political tendencies. The landlords who are rich are prepared for a struggle with their tenants; the landlords who are poor dread it. Then the landlords who are Unionists first and landlords second look with eagerness for Coercion and a ferocious struggle of classes; for they think it may retard Home Rule. On the other hand, some of the landlords who are either Liberals in politics or lovers of peace, or more far-sighted than their companions, are suggesting conferences for the purpose of settling the differences. So that you have the curious spectacle of peace and war proceeding simultaneously; all of which means that the landlord party is for the most part disheartened and divided.

I have no great sympathy with landlords in Ireland as a class, but I have much with them as individuals. It is a pity that some author of genius has not studied and painted the stories of that class for the last twenty years. I am sure pages of tragic poignancy could be written. I have heard of many cases of men and women who were born apparently to wealth and all the pride of position dying in workhouses in London and other strange cities. Since the French noblesse perished by the guillotine or died of hunger in London there has been no such terrible upheaval and class suffering as that which has befallen the Irish landlord of our generation. It is the sense that this prospect lies before them if the struggle be continued that makes so many of the poorer landlords long for a settlement.

Nonconformists on the Warpath

But the second result which may follow this outburst of violence on the part of the Government is even more curious. Mr. Balfour has never been out of trouble since he took up the Education question. It is a subject which creates an amount of feeling in this country which it is difficult to understand. The English Nonconformist is generally a drab-colored individual. He is mild, bourgeois, prosperous, clothed in ceremonious black, and pays with extreme regularity his rates and taxes. He is an enemy of individual and national war; and in short is the typical law-abiding citizen who eats several square meals daily, and prays with regularity and sometimes even with a certain sanctified self-complacency. And the representatives he sends to the House of Commons are very like himself: sober, peace-loving, orderly, prosperous, black-coated. And yet it is precisely in this class that you hear nowadays the most startling proposals of revolt and something like passive rebellion. You may remember a strange, wild scene that took place when the present Irish party was young: the scene in which the Irish Members were removed by policemen from the floor of the House. It will scarcely be believed, but we were within an inch of some such scene as this during the recent session of Parliament, with the chief figures not hot-headed young Irish Nationalists, but gray-haired, middle-aged English Nonconformists. The Englishman is a strange being, whom after thirty-three years of careful study I still give up as an insoluble problem. He is the most self-composed and phlegmatic of men; by his side even the ordinary American seems emotional and sometimes even hysterical; and yet this same phlegmatic being has unexpected outbursts of violence; and in that mood he is dogged, unaccountable, and perhaps unconquerable. And the English Nonconformist seems to have reached that stage just at this moment.

The Education bill has among its many consequences the very undesirable one of splitting the English Nonconformist and the Irish Nationalist; it was impossible that an ultra-Protestant and an ultra-Catholic party should take the same view on an education question. And simultaneously the bill has had the effect of uniting the Irish Nationalist and the Government which at this very moment is putting the members of that party in jail for defending the rights of their constituents. Without this assistance from Irishmen it is doubtful if the Education bill would have made even the moderate progress which it has made up to the present. Suppose the Irish vote withdrawn, the chances of the bill passing into law would become less and less; and indeed such a withdrawal might mean the end of the Government as well as of the bill. For while the enemies of the bill are fierce, united, uncompromising, its friends are by no means united. Among the Conservatives of England a curious movement

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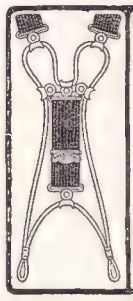

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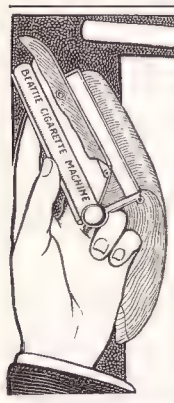

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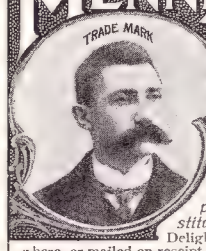

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has grown up within the last few years, a movement that already has its martyrs. This is an outburst of strong Protestantism which is disgusted and alarmed by the growth in the Established Church of the ultra-Ritualism which in doctrine and ritual is scarcely distinguishable from the Roman Catholic Church. This section of opinion is stronger among Conservatives than among Liberals, and many of its most ardent advocates sit behind Mr. Balfour. This section has only to get the word that the Education bill will result in the strengthening of the Ritualistic party and it will be ready to pitch aside its allegiance to the Government and to abandon Mr. Balfour and his bill. And the desertion of the Irish Members might be just the final encouragement to such a revolt.

I have not even yet done with the complexities and the ironies of the situation. Mr. Balfour has a vehement and formidable enemy in the spirit of angry Nationalist Irish opinion, but he has a very powerful and a very formidable ally in Cardinal Vaughan. That able and distinguished ecclesiastic is mainly concerned with the existence of the small Catholic schools which are scattered among the Irish centres in England and Scotland; and as the Education bill does much for them he is one of those most anxious to see it carried into law. On the other hand, he is supposed to be either indifferent or hostile to the Irish National claim. And he commands a great deal of influence and friendship among the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland. So that if the Irish Members revolted from a Coercionist Government they would find some strong criticism from some of the most influential of the prelates of their own Church.

What Mr. Balfour Would Really Like

And while this tangled web was spinning—a web in which his personal and political fortunes are involved—Mr. Balfour quietly pursued the even tenor of his way at his country home in Scotland. He has the immense advantage for a politician of being able to throw off his cares. Give him a good golf course, a fair opponent and fine weather, and he is as happy as a schoolboy. He has none of the strenuousness which makes the holiday of your present President only a little less laborious than that of the traditional galley slave. He is an essentially indolent man; sticks in bed till all hours; lolls instead of sitting, and hardly ever works continuously at anything. His speeches are left to luck and the inspiration of the moment; and he has stormed the citadel of fortune by cold neglect and indifference to her attractions—for the fickle jade loves the inconstant or the scornful wooer. There is in the Liberal party a curious and unique Scotchman named Haldane. He is a barrister in large practice, but his real love is German metaphysics and a certain craze for personal intrigue. He alternates between translating Schopenhauer and working for Lord Rosebery. He and Mr. Balfour are intimate personal friends, though political opponents. "What I should really like," Mr. Balfour is reported to have once said to Mr. Haldane, "is to be the leader of a party of which you were the only other member."

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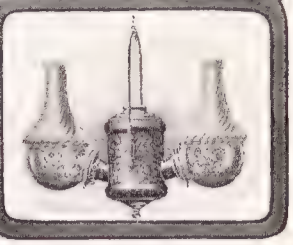

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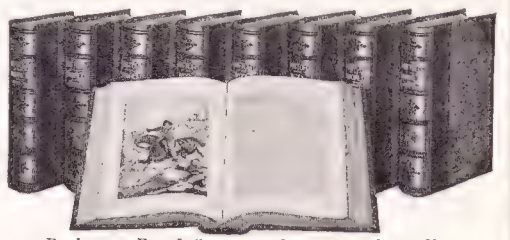
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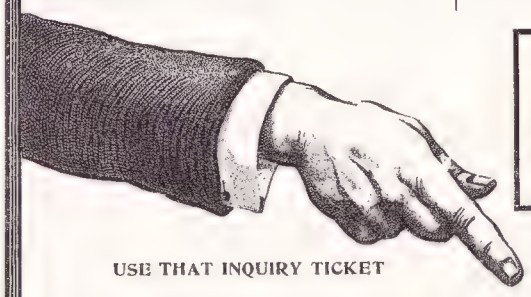

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Between the Lines

ACROSS the way from the bleak building on Mulberry Street which has long been the headquarters of the New York police there is a shabby two-story-and-a-half brick house which is the old-time rendezvous of the New York police reporters. Within the forlorn interior a Newgate calendar of crimes has been told and written, but it is mentioned here on account of a writer and not a crime. It has happened that men have been hardened and coarsened by the life of a police reporter. On the other hand, one man at least has been moved by his experiences to go beyond the recording of crime and suffering, and to seek. His earnestness and energy kept him from stopping at sympathy. He went back from effects to causes. He studied the overcrowding of the great East Side. He investigated "double-deck" tenement houses with their dark rooms where the families and the boarders "pigged" together. He became familiar with the rear tenements now forbidden. He saw that the greed of owners had left no decency within the houses and no breathing spaces without. He studied the cramped lives, the enslaving conditions inevitable in such an existence.

The Prophet of the Police Court

Then he began to speak and write and act, and what has been accomplished by Police Reporter Jacob A. Riis is written large in the recent history of the moral and sanitary betterment of New York's East Side. Mr. Riis' new book is called The Battle with the Slums. It is a subject on which he has every right to speak. He is a native of Denmark and came to New York when some thirty years of age, and made himself an American of the best type. It was largely through his efforts that the disreputable old Five Points tenement houses were cleared away and a breathing place in the shape of an attractive park put in their place. He has fought for small parks and for tenement-house reform against the greed of owners and political and personal pressure. He has warred against Tammany in various efforts for reform. He is no theoretical reformer. It was because he knew the actual life of the tenements and the practical needs of the people that his sympathies were aroused and his energies enlisted in the betterment of the poor. His first book, How the Other Half Lives, made a deep impression by its simplicity, frankness and evident truthfulness. It is an impression which has been strengthened by his other books. New York has had its share of worthy philanthropists and reformers, but this nervous, spectacled Dane has struck at the roots of certain East Side evils with a vigor and persistence which have had impressive results. In the course of his experiences as assemblyman, candidate for the mayoralty and police commissioner, President Roosevelt's acquaintance with Jacob Riis deepened into an abiding friendship. When the composition of the committee to arbitrate the coal strike was considered, it is said that Mr. Riis' name was canvassed, but whether true or not it is probable that he prefers his work among the poor in New York. And it is good work that he has done whether among the poor or with his pen. In The Battle with the Slums there is a chapter on The Genesis of the Gang, which shows the evil influences upon the young and their effects. Elsewhere he tells of the efforts to connect the schools and the social settlements and organizations for neighborhood improvement. Here is a pithy summary: "A man cannot live like a pig and vote like a man."

A Country Without Strikes

A Country Without Strikes is a tempting title in these tempestuous days, and if Mr. Henry D. Lloyd could really import a panacea from New Zealand few possible rewards would be denied him. Mr. Lloyd's own relations to economic questions have been of a curious character. For many years he was a working journalist on the staff of the Chicago Tribune. He became interested in studying the career of the Standard Oil Company, and some twenty years ago he published an article in the Atlantic Monthly which caused much rattling of dry bones. He wrote of methods of dealing with independent refineries, of relations with railroads and legislators, and the tale as he told it was in many respects a fresh presentation. Success with a single magazine article is apt to be unsubstantial, but so far as it went, success in this case left no cause for complaint. After Mr. Lloyd retired from journalism. some fifteen years ago, he

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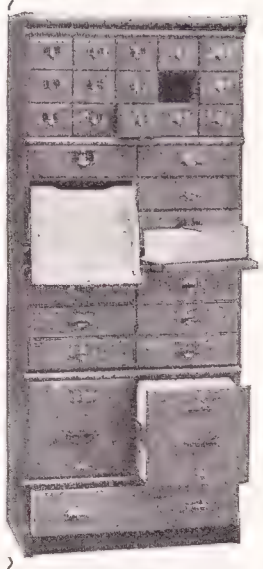

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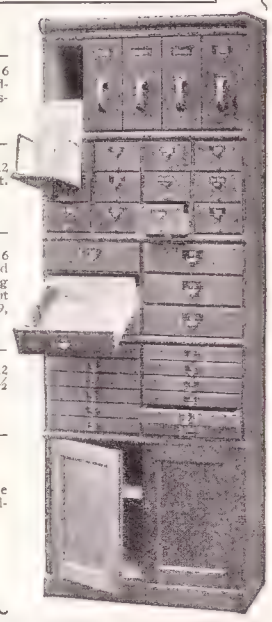

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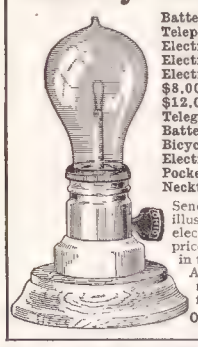

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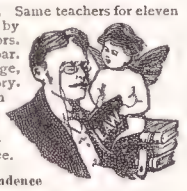

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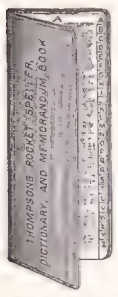

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devoted himself to economic questions, but his point of view differs widely from the academic devotee of economics. Perhaps he would object if he were termed socialistic, and there are distinctions, but his writings would probably be termed by the undiscriminating a gospel of labor against capital with socialistic leanings. His Standard Oil theme was developed into a book entitled Wealth Against Commonwealth, which made some impression; and later writings have dealt with labor copartnerships and questions of profit-sharing, arbitration and governmental paternalism.

His prominent features and shock of gray hair render him a striking figure when he addresses an audience, and there is never a lack of vigor in whatever he has to say. He is an extremist in many things, but an interesting extremist.

The golden middle course seems difficult of attainment for writers on the so-called capital and labor problems.

If the President Were Free

If President Roosevelt ever finds time to think of his brief career as a publisher he may feel a casual regret over the unavoidable opportunities for books which are presented now. At one time he held a modest interest in the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, who published his Winning of the West series, but he soon withdrew. It is harrowing to consider the material for books which has come within his ken since he entered national politics. Doubtless he could fill volumes with tales of his experiences on various stumping tours, and a volume on the coal strike and its people as seen by the President would make uncommonly interesting reading. With his literary training he must be quick to see numberless opportunities, and possibly sometimes he is tempted to wish himself free and equipped with pen and ink.

With his outspokenness and courage, The Actual Life of a President, if he could write it, would transcend any Private Life of King or Queen or Sultan.

Mr. Phillips' New Novel

Whatever Mr. David Graham Phillips writes is certain to be of interest, and in his strong new novel, A Woman Ventures *(Frederick A. Stokes)*, he has gone far deeper than any announcement of the story as a tale of modern journalism would seem to indicate. His title is well chosen, for his novel is in the main a very modern picture of a modern American woman, reared in comfort, suddenly reduced to the narrowest condition, tempted by the unrealized prospect of a wealthy marriage, fighting for her own hand in metropolitan journalism, drawn into a private marriage by superficial attractiveness and a pathetic hunger for genuine companionship, returning to tread her path alone, learning by experience the deeper truths of life and character, and facing at last a prospect of a companionship resting upon safe foundations. It is an injustice to offer this bald summary of the leading character, who is entitled to far more exact analysis than we can give. It is not merely an interesting, varied, and often brilliant story which Mr. Phillips has written, but there are glimpses of human problems and social complexities, there are scenes and bits of dialogue which are of the stuff that is felt and remembered after the brief hour of superficial story-telling has passed.

A Tale of Three Generations

The family fortune was founded by the prospector, shrewd of purpose, indomitable of will, a Titan of the mountains of the West. It was multiplied by his son, capitalist as well as promoter, a mighty organizer and captain of industry. But the luxury of the East had struck home to the third generation. The millions vanished in Wall Street, but enough of the primitive force was left to turn the loser westward, and the reader leaves him resolute to win victory from defeat. This is the story told by Mr. Harry Leon Wilson in The Spenders *(Lothrop)*. The tale is nothing if not contemporary, including as it does last year's crash in Amalgamated Copper, clever characterizations of the curious gatherings at the Waldorf-Astoria, and pictures of new magnates, men of steel, or oil, or cattle or what not, who have come from the Pacific slope, from Montana, Kansas City or Pittsburg, to overwhelm the remnants of the "old New Yorkers."

It is an uneven story. It is not distinguished by art or literary quality, but the author has had something real to say and he says it often with peculiar force.

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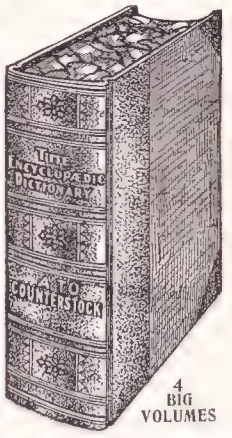

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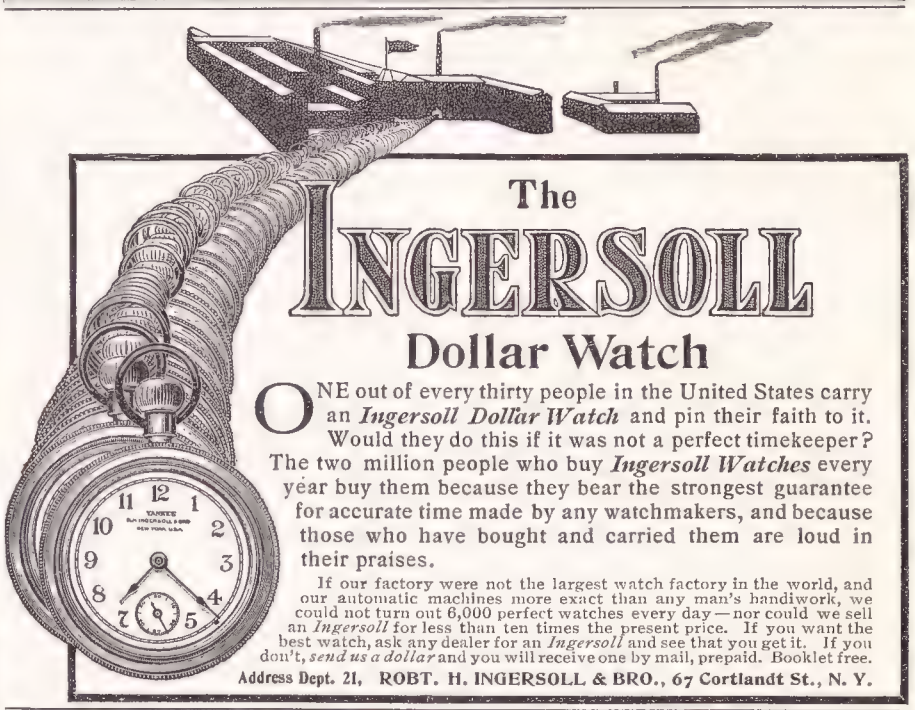

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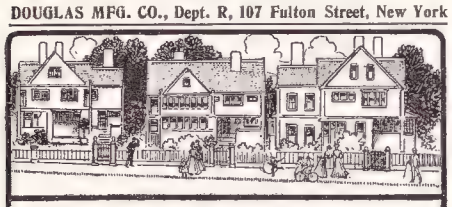

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Food for the Purple Cow

The newest thing in the way of a flower is a red daisy, which is already being handled commercially by some florists, and is likely to become fashionable. Of course, it was only a short time ago that daisies were quite despised, being considered too common to deserve recognition; but within the last few years the ordinary field daisy has earned the consideration to which it is fairly entitled, and has been bred for size on a considerable scale. Indeed, when the wild crop is out of season, hothouse daisies command good prices.

Red violets are as yet little known, but are obtaining increased popularity, while white violets are considered appropriate for weddings and for the decoration of dinner-tables. Comparatively little attention, however, has been paid as yet to the development of the violet, beyond mere enlargement of its blossoms and improvement of its fragrance. There is no reason why this kind of flower should not be differentiated to a great extent in respect to form and hue, whereas at the present time nearly all of the purple ones grown in the United States are much alike, being practically of the same tint. With a view to obtaining some valuable novelties in violets, Government botanists at Washington have recently imported a number of unfamiliar European varieties, which are being cross-bred.

Carnations have already been obtained by cross-breeding in almost every color except a clear, pure blue. The blue carnation is an achievement reserved for the future, and the ingenious gardener who succeeds in producing it will gain a fortune by his enterprise. The improved carnation of to-day sometimes exceeds four inches in diameter, so that a single bloom makes a fine boutonnière, while half a dozen in a vase afford a good show.

The blue rose and the black tulip are two other long-sought flowers which seem to elude the pursuit of the ambitious grower. They may yet be secured, however, and at no very great distance of time. The cleverness of the Yankee gardener recognizes few limitations.

To Thwart the Coat Thief

An invention just patented promises to render impossible the theft of hats and overcoats hung in hotels, restaurants and other public places. The device is a simple one which can be carried in one's pocket and can be readily secured to a hat or garment and locked to a hook or any other support.

The contrivance has two arms, one of which is provided with clamps which shut tight against the hat or coat, the other consisting of a slot and jaw, the latter working on a pivot. When this jaw closes around a hook or other support and shuts into the slot device, a spring presses a pawl and so works upon a lever that the clamps or prongs holding the garment are firmly locked together. The keyhole is in the centre of the contrivance.

A man going into a restaurant may take one of these devices from his pocket, clamp it to both coat and hat at the same time, snap the other end of the invention over an ordinary hook and then proceed with his meal in peace, knowing that no one can rob him of his possessions, either through intention or accident, if the key to his hat and coat lock is lodged safely in his pocket. One of the special features of this device is that its use is not limited to any special kind of hook. It can even be attached to a chair or other article of furniture, to a gas fixture, to a door-knob, or to any other support around which the movable jaw of the mechanism can close.

Though simple in its construction, the jaws and clamps of the contrivance are so strong that it is claimed for it that a coat or hat could not be taken from its clutch without tearing the fabric completely away. It has been tried both on derby and silk hats successfully, without, it is said, in any way damaging them.

A Cranial Street Sprinkler

To prevent baldness by means of a fountain comb which provides for hygienic treatment of the scalp is a recent invention of a citizen of South Carolina.

Surrounding the teeth of the comb are cylinders, or pipes, connecting with a longitudinal reservoir which forms the back of the comb. This reservoir is stored with the hygienic fluid desired to be brought in contact

$1,000 for $2.00

THE COMMERCIAL'S IDEAL OUTFIT

CONSISTS OF

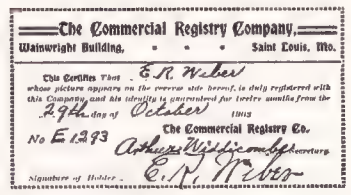
FIRST.—A handsome Leather Pocket Case and a Special Accident Insurance Policy (issued by the Union Casualty and Surety Company of St. Louis), paying $1,000 in event of accidental death, and also paying $40 per month for disabling injuries.

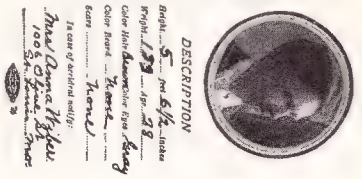
Remit by N. Y., Chicago or St. Louis Exchange, Postal or Express Money Order

$500 for $1 The Commercial's Peerless Outfit Beats 'Em All

Policies Issued by Union Casualty & Surety Company of St. Louis

SECOND.—An Identification Card, certified, on which is a photograph and a full description of the holder, making the identification so positive as to be acceptable to Bank, Express, Telegraph Companies and Hotels.


The Commercial Registry Company.
Wainwright Building. Saint Louis, Mo.
This Certifies That E. R. Weber whose picture appears on the reverse side hereof, is duly registered with this Company, and his identity is guaranteed for twelve months from the 29th day of October 1902
No E 1293 The Commercial Registry Co.
Signature of Holder E. R. Weber



THIRD.—On the reverse side of Policy is printed our guarantee to care for the holder and provide medical and hospital attention, should he be stricken down in any accidental way and found helpless.

REMEMBER! The identification feature with photograph is furnished as part and parcel of the outfit—**without additional cost.** Subscribers will therefore enclose their pictures with application if feature with photographs is desired. (Photographs will be returned.)

The Biggest Proposition Ever Offered for the Money

LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO AGENTS

CUT OUT APPLICATION HERE

Enclosed find $2 for which send an IDEAL OUTFIT
Age .....
Height .....Feet
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Complexion.....
Color of Hair.....
Color of Eyes.....
Color of Beard.....
Scars.....
St. and No.....
City and State.....
Date.....190.....
Signature.....

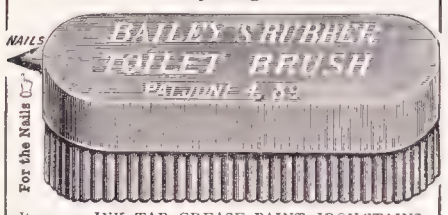
Send $2 for an outfit, and if same is not satisfactory, your money will be refunded. Remit by New York or St. Louis Exchange, Express or Post-Office Money Order or Registered Letter. No personal checks taken.

The Commercial Registry Co.
Suite 301-2-3
Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

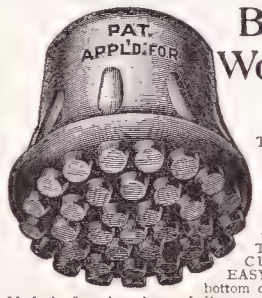
EASTERN DEPARTMENT
80-82 William St.
New York

Clean Hands

For every one, no matter what the occupation, by using



It removes INK, TAR, GREASE, PAINT, IRON-STAINS, and, in fact, everything foreign to the color of the skin, simply by using with soap and water. It never becomes foul or carries any contagion, and will not injure the most delicate skin, as is done by the use of pumice-stone, bristle brushes, etc.
Price, **25 cents each.** For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Mailed on receipt of price. *Agents Wanted.*



Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This Tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. It is made of the best quality of rubber, and will wear ten times as long as others. The TEETH form a CUSHION, which is EASY and noiseless, to the bottom of the Crutch or Chair. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17, 5/8"; No. 18, 3/4"; No. 19, 7/8"; No. 20, 1"; No. 21, 1 1/8". Mailed upon receipt of price. **30 cents per pair.**

Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, FREE.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Put it down in "black and white" that if you want to shave with the greatest comfort, convenience and safety, you need Williams' Shaving Stick.

Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

"TYRIAN" EXCEL NIPPLE

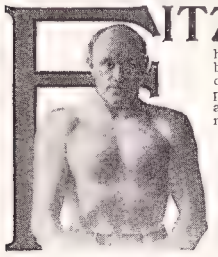
No nipple can be made more carefully. Prevents colic and sickness among infants. Cannot collapse.

Sold by All Druggists

Sample Nipple and our book, "Worth Reading," sent FREE for 2c. stamp.

TYER RUBBER CO., ANDOVER, MASS.

FITZSIMMONS



has written one of the most notable books of recent years. It gives in compact form a new system of physical culture that will strengthen and develop the entire body of man, woman or child.

Good Health for $1.00

This book can be secured at any bookstore for $1.00, or will be mailed for $1.00 and ten cents in stamps to cover postage. It is written in a plain, common-sense style—easily understood. Based on Fitzsimmons' wonderful experience, and includes a story of his career. *Prospectus free.*

DREXEL BIDDLE, Publisher, Philadelphia, Pa.

"For-Shaving"

instantly staunches the blood and heals cuts or abrasions caused in shaving. An **absolutely harmless** antiseptic compound, in stick form. One stick lasts for years. Prepaid, **25 cents.** Money refunded if you want it.

Penna. Compressing Co., 20 S. 16th St., Phila., Pa.

with the scalp so that the roots of the hair may be nourished. A measuring device is provided which can be so adjusted that only the quantity desired will flow when the comb is in operation. The action of the comb in causing the tonic to be distributed over the scalp is automatic and antiseptic. A further function of the comb is to gather and remove dandruff and dust before the fluid passes out at the tips of the comb teeth.

By this contrivance the scalp may be thoroughly saturated while the hair is scarcely moistened, if moisture is not desired, save at the roots.

It is said to recommend itself particularly to women who while wishing to give the scalp scientific attention find difficulty in so doing without suffering the inconvenience of saturating their hair.

A Submarine Sentry

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has perfected a submarine sentry, as the device is called, which, say the practical scientists of that important branch of the Government, will vastly minimize dangers of navigation.

A vessel equipped with one of these submarine devices is warned by the ringing of a bell or series of bells or by the shriek of a steam siren the moment shoals are approached.

The director of the Geodetic Survey says that the device is not, of course, a safeguard against pinnacle rocks or coral reefs which rise abruptly out of deep waters, but these obstructions in the sea are not so menacing to navigation, he says, as shoal formations. Most of the former are definitely charted and many are provided with lights or fog-horns, but the approach to a shoal is insidious. As these dangerous places in the sea have a large base from which they rise very gradually, the submarine sentry may be adjusted so as to give ample warning.

The device can be set to operate at any number of fathoms. If it is necessary for safe navigation that the ship shall sail in water no shallower, say, than twenty fathoms, the sentry is submerged to that depth. It trails directly astern, the momentum of the vessel keeping it under water at the given depth, on a principle similar to that which keeps a kite flying in the wind.

The moment it comes in contact with any portion of the base of a shoal formation, an attachment called a "kite" is "tripped" or released and starts toward the surface. The medium of connection with the alarm contrivance on shipboard, whether bells or whistle, is ordinary piano wire, along which communication is flashed to the navigator the moment the "kite" attachment starts on its upward journey.

The device has been tested recently with signal success in United States coast surveys, and its use is to be recommended to the merchant marine.

A Mechanical Sculptor

Exact reproductions of the world's most famous and valuable sculptures may soon be within reach of the lowliest purse. Incredible as it may seem, a sculpturing machine has been perfected and is now in use in Naples, Italy. It is an elaborate and delicately adjusted piece of mechanism. With it the operator, who need not be a finished sculptor, glides a tracer over a model, and every movement, even to a hair's breadth, is transmitted by hydraulic or electric power to the sculpturing contrivance.

As the machine is now constructed it will make twenty simultaneous reproductions in marble.

Every possible movement is provided for in the intricate sculpturing machine, the strokes and oscillations of the mechanical chisels working, it is said, with a precision that is astonishing the art circles of Italy. Gas, electricity or hydraulic power may be used as the pressure agent. As the tracer is moved it releases the power connecting with the carving tools, and these, following with pantomime fidelity the movements of the operator, chisel twenty reproductions of the original.

The operator concerns himself only with passing the tracing instrument over every outline of the model, while the tools of the complex contrivance work away at marble fixed in separate frames.

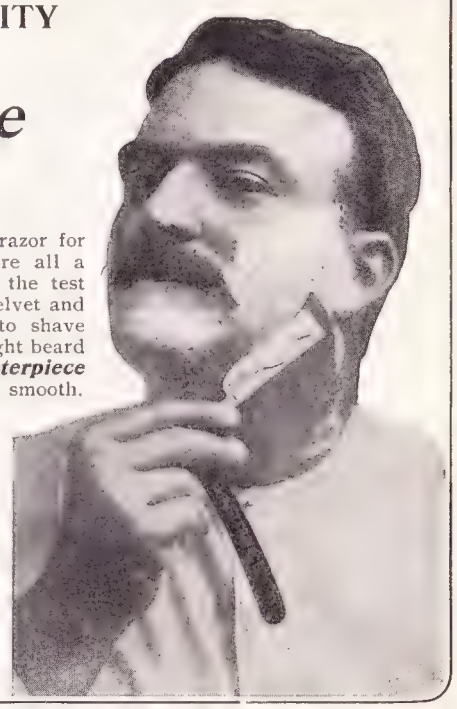
It is not necessary even to superintend their labors, which may be carried on in a distant part of the studio or, in fact, in a separate room or building.

The process is in some way suggestive of fac-simile telegraphy.

TO ENJOY SHAVING YOU MUST HAVE A RAZOR OF STERLING QUALITY

SUCH AS OUR

"Masterpiece Razor"



which we sell in pairs for $5, or a single razor for $2.50, ready to put on the face. They are all a man can want, are rightly named, stand the test on any beard, they leave the skin like velvet and are indispensable to him who desires to shave himself with pleasure. The heavy and light beard vanish alike under the touch of our ***"Masterpiece Razor,"*** and they leave the face soft and smooth. We have been making high-grade razors since 1819. We make razors exclusively, we grind them, we hone them, put them in cutting order ready for the face.

We have no agents, we sell direct to consumer; we deliver free; we warrant every razor to be precisely what we say it is, and have but one price.

Send for our pamphlet, "All About Good Razors." It will be mailed free to any address upon request.

C. KLAUBERG & BROS.
171 William St., New York

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The **KAISERIN** (No. Ger. Lloyd). Chartered to take our parties ONLY, like a yacht, to **MEDITERRANEAN** and the **ORIENT,** February 7th. $400 up.

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NORWAY, July 2d, $275 up. A new era in World's Travel. For particulars apply to

FRANK C. CLARK, 111 Broadway, NEW YORK

The Twentieth Century Manual of Railway and Commercial Telegraphy

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The standard book of instruction for beginners and advanced students of telegraphy at home or in college. Signal lights, flags, and block system printed in regulation colors. Endorsed by railroad officials, dispatchers, and instructors. Profusely illustrated. Write us for description and sample pages.

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THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

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A HAPPY THANKSGIVING,

Twenty years ago—on November 28th, 1882—a young man, 31 years of age, took out Endowment No. 251,427 in the Equitable for $10,000. He paid $487.40, and each year since has paid a similar amount.

This year—two days before Thanksgiving—his policy matures, and he can receive in cash

$14,885.30

This is a return of all premiums paid—and $5,137.30 in addition—to say nothing of the protection of $10,000 of assurance for 20 years.

Vacancies in every State for men of energy and character to act as representatives. Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2d Vice President.

Send this coupon for particulars of such a policy issued at your age

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, 120 Broadway, New York. DEPT. No. 30.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $. . . . . if issued at.....years of age.

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ADDRESS.....

IVER JOHNSON

SEMI-HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC EJECTOR
SHOT GUN
Simple·Safe·Positive·
Every Gun Guaranteed
$9.50
Of your dealer or sent to any address cash with order (CATALOGUES FREE)
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
FITCHBURG, MASS.
99 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK

A Splendid and Practical Gift for Christmas

Is your skin tender and your beard tough and wiry?

STAR Safety Razor

Shaves Clean and Never Pulls

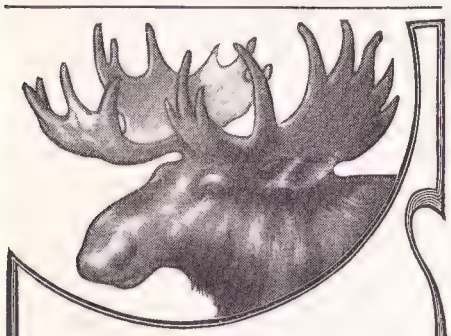
You can enjoy the comfort of self-shaving without a possible chance of even scratching yourself.

Every Razor Fully Warranted

Try one, it will more than please you, but beware of the many imitations. We have made Star Safety Razors for over 25 years, we are the originators, and test personally every Razor before it leaves us. This and the merit of the Star explains our success. Send for catalogue.

Razor, complete, $2.00
Sets $3.50 and up

KAMPFE BROTHERS, 8-12 Reade Street, New York
Or all leading dealers in high-class Cutlery



A PRESENT FOR A MAN

Way down in the bottom of his heart every sportsman thinks more of his "kit" than anything else on earth except his kith and kin. Any addition to that kit is always highly treasured, especially if it be one of the following **Marble Sporting Specialties:**

MARBLE SAFETY POCKET AXE—Hand forged, hand finished in polished steel and rubber. "The handiest tool a sportsman ever carried." Price, **$2.50**

SUPERIOR HUNTING KNIFE—Blade folds with handle, yet locks perfectly rigid. The very latest and best knife, hand-made from razor steel. Price . . . **$4.00**

MARBLE JEWELED COMPASS with bracket. Price **$1.50**

May be purchased from your dealer or direct from the manufacturers. Send for catalogue Y.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

Grammar and Composition

Thorough training given by mail in Grammar and Practical Composition. Business and professional men, ad-writers, stenographers, and others who wish to acquire a good command of English, should avail themselves of our instruction. It is personal and individual. Circulars sent free.

ACADEMIC PUB. CO., Steinway Hall, CHICAGO, ILL.

TRICKS Oldest Conjuring Repository in the country. Established 1860. Everything for Professional Magicians' use. Special attention given to Amateurs' needs. Catalogue for stamp.

YOST & CO., 45 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia

Flat-House Caste

By JAMES L. FORD

"CASTE GERMS," if I may coin a phrase, were undoubtedly sown in this country in the days when we were a British colony, and not even the setting up of our own democratic government and the creation of a moneyed aristocracy of our own has rid our soil of what our forefathers tried so hard to stamp out. Wherever the conditions favor there do the offshoots of these germs appear in the social soil. Every village has its "Four Hundred," the "hired girl" of the olden days has become a "maid" and the manservant—no matter what his degree or the nature of his duties—is a "butler."

And as the peasant is by nature the most uncompromising of Tories, so do these "caste germs" thrive better under humble conditions than in the palaces and gardens of the great and wealthy. And nowhere do we see such a lusty growth of that mania for what is generally called "style," and what is in reality the old caste feeling, than among those whose lives are spent in wanderings between small city apartments and suburban cottages in a mad quest for those comforts and conveniences that exist chiefly in the real-estate advertisements. These wanderers constitute what may be termed the "flat-house aristocracy," and more than one large fortune has been built up by the shrewd real-estate agent who knew their weaknesses.

Indeed, it is the habit of dealing with members of this caste, of studying their secret ambitions and vanities and mastering the subtle art of gratifying them, that has long since raised the once prosaic business of renting flats to the regal dignity of a sport.

The Fisher and the Fish

It would not be unfair to liken the capturing of a tenant for a seven-room apartment by an adroit agent to the taking of a three-pound trout by an experienced sportsman, were it not for those qualities of intelligence and shyness which render the fish susceptible to the charms of a secluded rather than an ostentatious life. Careful perusal of long columns of real-estate advertising in the daily papers has convinced me that as an effective lure for the real-estate sportsman's hook "hall service" is unapproachable and ranks with the Montreal fly in certain Canadian waters. When a hook thus equipped falls upon the great flashing, bubbling stream of Sunday advertising, we may look to see it eagerly seized by some woman who is watching the newspapers with a view to her fourteenth regular annual moving. A call or a letter of inquiry tells the agent that he has a bite.

Now the magic words "hall service" simply mean that a slovenly boy, attired in a greasy, many-buttoned uniform, has been employed for four dollars a week to whistle in the lower hall of the apartment house and teach language to the children of the tenants who come clustering about him, and exercise the bicycles confided to his care. He never renders any service of any description, and has long since discovered that it is much easier to say that some one "has just went out" than to climb four flights of stairs with a card.

The Line Begins to Tighten

As the agent, who is invariably a thin man of cheery countenance who can climb five flights of stairs without a sign of panting, leads his intended victim into the building, he remarks carelessly: "We have hall attendance in all of our houses, you see," and then, if by some fortunate chance a carriage is within sight, he adds: "It's very convenient when your friends call; they can send their cards up without leaving the carriage."

Then the Alpine climbing begins, the agent, who wears steel springs in his shoes, tripping on in advance with the light step of a chamois, the tenant-to-be trailing slowly on behind and wondering if she will ever find the ascent as easy as he does. Once inside the apartment the sportsman bends his energies to the difficult and artistic work of playing his fish. A bungler would seek to lure his prey into the pleasant waters where the good view, the open fireplace, the folding doors and other attractive features are, but the experienced fisherman knows better than that. He begins with the closet opening on an air shaft which he calls the "servant's bedroom"; then shows the five-by-nine kitchen, dwelling eloquently on the charms of the gas stove and the glass-lined refrigerator, and from these conveniences moves swiftly on to the dining-room which has a bay window opening out on to

Have you young men in your employ who mean well but who don't seem to see the point? Men who haven't got hold of the problems of life in the right way? These young fellows need suggestion and encouragement more than they need sermons or harshness. George Horace Lorimer's new book,

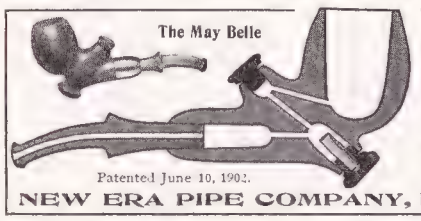
LETTERS *from a* SELF-MADE MERCHANT *to* HIS SON

contains just such suggestions as every business man would like to drive home into the minds of his sons or employees. They are shrewd, clean, unsentimental and, above all, inspiring. **Their humor is irresistible, and their quaint, homely aphorisms are unforgettable.** The book contains all of the letters (both series) issued in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, together with some new letters not elsewhere published. It is a handsome cloth volume, fully illustrated; price $1.50 the copy. It is already in its twentieth thousand.

Every employee who receives a copy as a gift from "the old man" will understand why it was given him.

If you did not read the letters in the magazine a postal card addressed to the publishers will bring you a specimen chapter free.

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON



Saurman's New Era Pipe

is easy to clean, gives a cool, dry, healthful smoke without nicotine. No old pipe odor or taste. The nicotine removed by expansion, collected and retained in the absorbent, cannot reach the mouth to injure the health.

Ask your dealer for it; if he don't have it send us $1.00 and we will mail you one. Booklet free.

Money back if not satisfactory. Reference Montg'y Trust Co.

NEW ERA PIPE COMPANY, Room 3, 508 Green Street, Norristown, Pa.

Best Offer of the Year

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS

This Cut is about one-third the size of Calendar figure.

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Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! Rah! rah! rah! Rah! rah! rah! Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!

Nov. number and Superb 25 cent Christmas Number of LESLIE'S MONTHLY, and COLLEGE GIRL CALENDAR for 1903, free to all who subscribe NOW.

Features of LESLIE'S for November and December:

"The Mill," a new and striking story, by DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

"The Autobiography of a Thief," a genuine personal narrative of intense human interest.

"Richard Mansfield," a masterly sketch by the first of theatrical critics, WILLIAM WINTER.

Stories, by such authors as HARRY STILWELL EDWARDS, CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, EGERTON CASTLE and EMERSON HOUGH.

LOOKING FORWARD—1903
Three Splendid Novels

"Glengarry Stories," a tale of sentiment. A better sequel to **"The Man from Glengarry,"** by RALPH CONNOR.

"The Amethyst Box," a story of mystery, as good as **"The Leavenworth Case,"** by ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

"Dennis Dent," a novel of thrilling interest, by the creator of **"The Amateur Cracksman,"** ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

Each month will appear colored portraits of the best American actors and actresses, sketched from life and accompanied by frank and authoritative criticisms. Among the sketches made for early numbers are portraits of JOSEPH JEFFERSON, RICHARD MANSFIELD and MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

10 cts.; $1.00 a Year

COLLEGE GIRL CALENDAR

Beautifully lithographed in 12 colors upon 3 sheets of heavy pebble plate paper, tied with silk ribbon, are the graceful figures of girls dressed in the *colors of the great colleges*. On each sheet is the appropriate *college seal* and the *college yell*. This calendar carries out the complete college idea, and represents the best work of MISS MAUD STUMM, the famous American water color artist. Size 10 in. by 12¾ in.

Remember, if you mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the Beautiful College Girl Calendar, and the November and December issues are given free, all charges prepaid by us, with each $1.00 subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for 1903—that is, 14 numbers and Calendar postpaid.

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New York

You may enter my subscription to Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for the year 1903. Please send me the College Girl Calendar and November and December numbers of 1902 Free. I enclose $1.00 for my subscription.

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S. E. P.

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The Nov. and Dec. numbers and the Calendar are NOT GIVEN with combination subscription orders unless so advertised.

Use the attached coupon. Clip it off; fill it out, and mail it to us with $1.

Make your boy happy with a DAISY or SENTINEL air rifle

It is a Christmas gift he would surely appreciate. It will give him lots of innocent amusement, and he'll become a crack shot without danger, noise, smoke or powder.

The possession of a good gun helps to make a boy manly and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifles have walnut stocks, handsome nickeled steel barrels, **improved** sights and interchangeable parts.

If your dealer will not sell you a

"Daisy" or "Sentinel"

send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

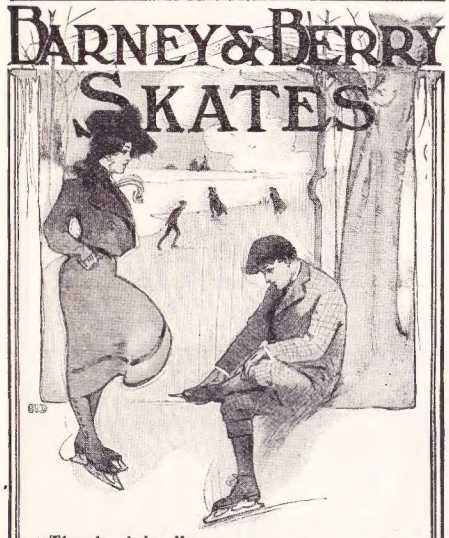
No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times, ... $1.25
No. 2—20th Century Daisy, shoots either shot or darts, ... $1.00
No. 4—Sentinel Single Shot, either shot or darts, ... $1.00
No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, automatic, 303 shot, ... $1.25

Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 35c.

Daisy Button and illustrated booklet free.

The Daisy Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



"Thanksgiving" means something. So does "Barney & Berry" when applied to skates.

Send—on postal—for **Free Catalogue** It describes all styles.

Our well-known skates are sold everywhere. If your dealer hasn't the style you want, we'll sell direct.

BARNEY & BERRY, 111 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

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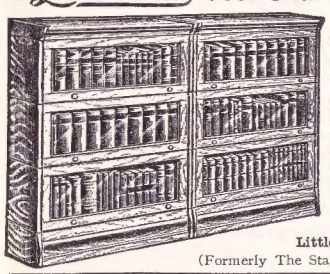

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The brilliant new novel by

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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nowhere, and is separated from the parlor by a long, narrow entry to which he is careful to direct her attention in the significant words: "You have your own private hall, you see."

The fisherman begins to reel in. By this time the would-be tenant has become so depressed with the long climb and the vision of the small kitchen and the closet in which the servant will refuse to sleep, that the picture which her fancy painted of carriages driving up to the door and liveried attendants hurrying out to receive cards on a silver salver, has faded from her mind and the hook is in danger of slipping from her gills. It is at this moment that the sportsman begins to reel in his line, and with a firm and gentle touch the prey is led down the private hall and into the drawing-room, whose windows are always kept clean in readiness for home-seekers.

The Fish is Landed

"A pleasant, homelike room, Madam," says the sportsman with a smile of approval. "It's a little far from the dining-room to suit some, but after all, it's best to keep the room that you sit in away from the kitchen, and, so long as you've got a nice butler's pantry separating the kitchen from the dining-room, your guests will never be annoyed by the odors of cooking. That room," he continues, pointing gravely to a recess with a narrow window looking out on a small court, "will make a delightful library where your husband can have his desk and papers. He can fit it up as his own den"—a great real-estate word that—"and with a portière hanging from the pole above the door he can be completely shut off whenever he wants to be. You see this apartment is admirably adapted for entertaining. To begin with, the whole style of the house is so genteel that you needn't be ashamed to ask any one here, I don't care who it is. Your friends drive up, and as there's attendance in the hall there's none of this hollering up through a tube or pulling a bell that you might not happen to hear. The servant brings up your card and you send down word whether you're at home or not at home, just as you would in a private house on Fifth Avenue. Of course, this parlor looks a little empty now, but the minute you get your pictures and knickknacks around it will be as attractive a home as there is in the city."

The picture that the agent has painted is a strangely fascinating one, and the charms of the butler's pantry, the carriages at the door, the library and the liveried attendance have taken complete possession of the receptive mind in which the servant's closet and the five-by-nine kitchen have already become mere vague memories. There is an ominous click of the reel as the sportsman takes up his gaff to be in readiness for the final and decisive moment. He now throws open with a splendid flourish of the arms a pair of tall folding-doors, thus revealing an alcove about four feet in depth.

"You will probably use this as a music-room," he says with gravity, "but you could put a folding-bed in it," and with these words the gaff enters the trout's gills, and the flat or "apartment," as he calls it, is rented.

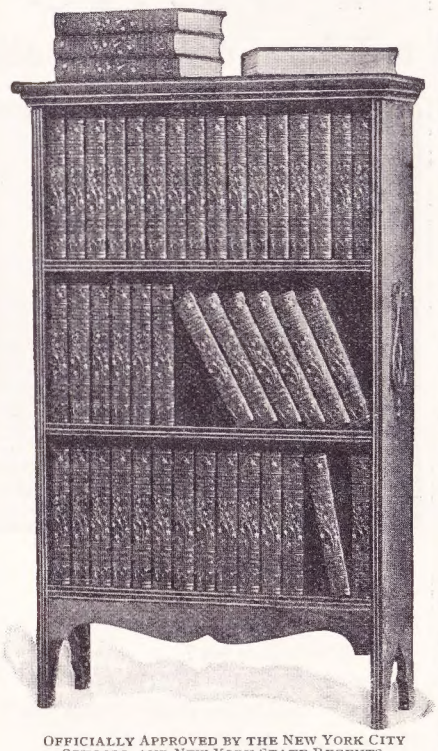
A Strong Inducement

MARK TWAIN'S mother was a woman of warm heart and generous impulses. Her interest in the affairs of her immediate neighbors was warmly human and decidedly practical, though never in the slightest degree intrusive. As she grew to old age a death in her neighborhood always aroused her deepest concern, and after trying to show to the family her sympathy in the way of some practical help, she never failed to station herself at the window on the day of the funeral to watch the sad procession of carriages pass on the way to the cemetery, meanwhile swaying back and forth gently and slowly in her chair, murmuring her sympathy for the bereaved family.

Once when her son Samuel had moved his family to a new home in another city he wrote a letter to his mother begging her to come to them for a long visit, setting forth the pleasantness of the town, the comforts of the new house, the outlook from the windows, and urging her to come at once. As an additional incentive to an early visit he added this:

"P. S. The funerals all pass our house."

What is Your Boy Reading?



OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS.

You are of course anxious that your boy should acquire taste for good literature. But are you placing the right sort of books within his reach? Do your book shelves contain volumes that will **appeal** to him and that will **help** him? If you are in doubt, get the

Famous Warner Library

The 46 handsome volumes contain so wide a variety of reading as to make up a **complete library in themselves**—giving something to interest **every member** of the family. No matter what your reading taste—fiction, humor, science, philosophy, poetry—the masterpieces of all are here collected by Charles Dudley Warner and his splendid staff of 300 editors, while the biographical and critical essays on great authors by the foremost living writers make the Library without a peer as a literary compendium.

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20,000 Pages In these wonderful forty-six volumes will be found the brightest thoughts of the greatest authors—complete novels and chapters in fiction, humorous sketches, poetry, philosophy, history, travel, science, oratory, letters and essays. Translations from Persian, Hindu, Greek, Latin and all the modern languages are included. In short, the thousands of large pages fairly teem with interest and delight.

800 Illustrations Photogravures of famous scenes and paintings, portraits, art plates, color reproductions of beautiful manuscripts—all these form a wealth of attractive material profusely illustrating the Warner Library.

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2,500 Synopses of Books This valuable feature is unique with the Warner Library. Brief descriptions of all the world's great books are given in the space of a few hundred words each. No one has read or can read all the books which come up in the course of conversation. But these synopses will give the busy man the gist of them all; not only novels such as "Robert Elsmere," "Ben Hur," or "Quo Vadis," but poems, dramas and technical works.

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which will bring the outlay down to a few cents a day. But prompt action is needful to secure a set, as the demand is already very large.

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and we will send you by mail a photogravure of Charles Dudley Warner, suitable for framing; an illuminated page of a sumptuous manuscript copy of "The Koran"; a reproduction of the contract Milton made with his publisher whereby he received twenty-five dollars royalty on each *edition* of Paradise Lost; also samples of paper and type used, and a full description of the Library. We send the above by mail free of charge so that you may get some idea of the Memorial Edition of this famous set of books.

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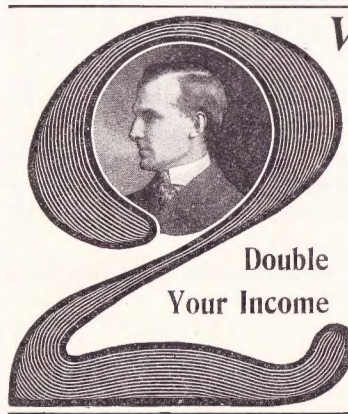

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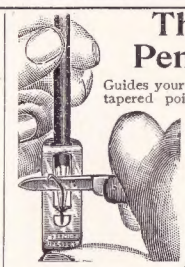

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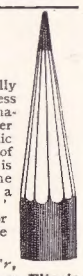

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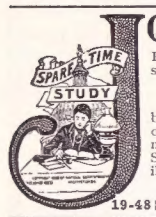

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IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

(V) THE GRILL

WHY do you?
What's it to you?
I know you do, for I've seen the gruesome feeling simmer through you.
I've seen it rise behind your eyes
And take your features by surprise.
I've seen it in your half-hid grin
And the tilting-upness of your chin.
Good-natured though you are and fair, as you have often boasted,
Still you like to hear the other man artistically roasted.

Whenever the star secures the stage with the spotlight in the centre,
Why should the anvil chorus think it has the cue to enter?
Whenever the prima donna trills the E above the clef,
Why should the brasses orchestrate the bass in double f?

It's funny,
But it's even money,
You like to spy the buzzing fly
in the other fellow's honey.
Though you have said that honest bread
Demands no honey on it spread,
And if we eat the crusty wheat
With appetite, it needs no sweet,
Still I have noticed you were not at all inclined to cry
Because the man the bees had blest was bothered with the fly.

Whenever the *chef* concocts a dish which sets the world to tasting,
Why does the cooking-school get out its recipes for basting?
Whenever a sprinter beats the bunch from the pistol-shot, why is it
The heavy hammer throwers get together for a visit?

Excuse me!
Did you accuse me
Of turning the spit a little bit
myself? Why, you amuse me!
Didn't I scratch the sulphurous match
And blow the flame to make it catch?
Didn't you trot to get the pot
To heat the water good and hot?
Then, seizing on our victim, if we found no greater sin,
Didn't we call him "a lobster," and cheerfully chuck him in?

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Learn by Mail

Five years ago the universally acknowledged first school of advertising in the world was founded by EDWARD T. PAGE and SAMUEL A. DAVIS. During this time they have placed scores of graduates in remunerative positions, and taught hundreds of business men the correct methods of advertising.

Send for Proofs

Learn from the "original school" you hear so much about. It is conceded by leading merchants that it is the one factor to strengthen a young man's prospects. There is no better stepping stone to promotion than a knowledge which will increase your ability to improve the business of your concern.

THESE FACES MEAN SOMETHING

They are the faces of men and women who have answered our advertisements during the past five years with a full appreciation of the fact that advertising is the foundation upon which a business man's success must be built. Learn from the oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves. Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say, we can **positively teach you advertisement writing by mail** we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student.

Notice to Employers: Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers capable of earning $25 to $100 per week are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.

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Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

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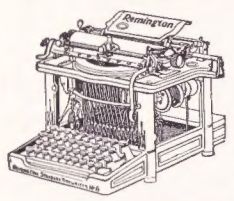
Remington

TYPEWRITERS

do not depend on catchy talking points. They owe their supremacy solely to results; the amount and quality of the work they do and the ease and speed with which they do it.



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327 Broadway New York.

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513-519 Seventh Ave.,
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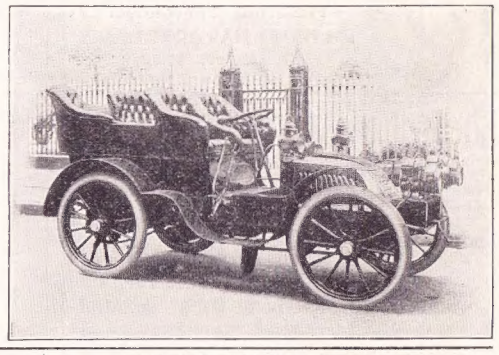
Automobiles
Of Two Continents

The Panhard-Levassor.
The C.G.V. The Renault.



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This cut shows our No. V 838, Fine Quality All Wool Black Unfinished Worsted, the best Black Unfinished Worsted ever made to order for $15.00, a suit for which many tailors and agents would ask $25.00.

Strong worsted weave, with fine soft unfinished surface, showing a fine diagonal, and will not wear shiny.

Order V 838. Any style Sack or Cutaway Frock Suit—

$15.00

Try one of these and convince yourself of the extraordinary values we offer.

A sample of this number is shown in our special catalogue VR.

Also a great variety of other patterns and weaves, ranging in price from $11.00 to $25.00. Samples, cuts of different styles and full information about what well dressed men are wearing are all contained in our special catalogue VR.

We mail it Free upon request. Write for one to-day.

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Handsomest

Fastest train by the shortest route.

All Pullmans—including Compartment Car, Dining Car and Observation Car.

New York to St. Augustine without change. Only a limited number of stops.

For Winter Book apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or of the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

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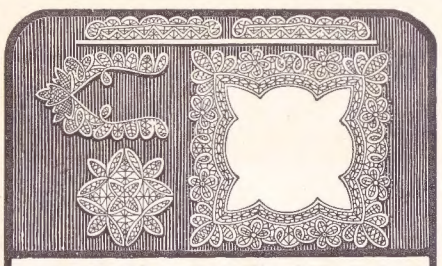

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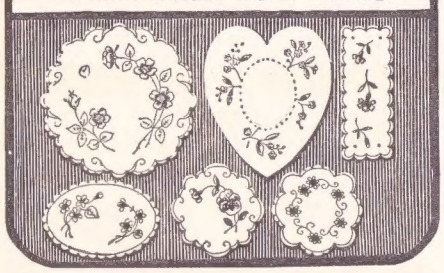

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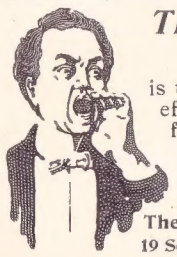

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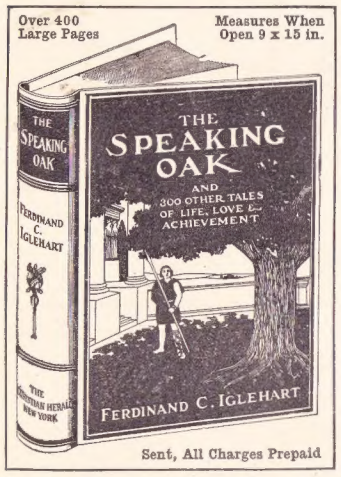
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